THE RAILROAD UNDER THE LOOP

Chicago

HOW TO BE
A FABULOUS
PRESS AGENT

A CHILDREN'S
STORY
FOR CHRISTMAS
by Eugene Field

AN ALBUM
OF TEN DECADES

25 cents December 1955

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crystal decanter
or this
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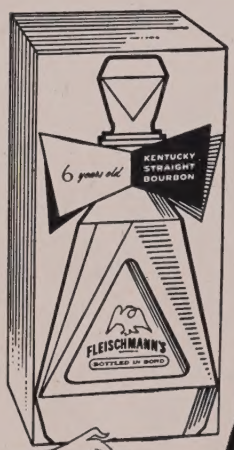

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and this fine
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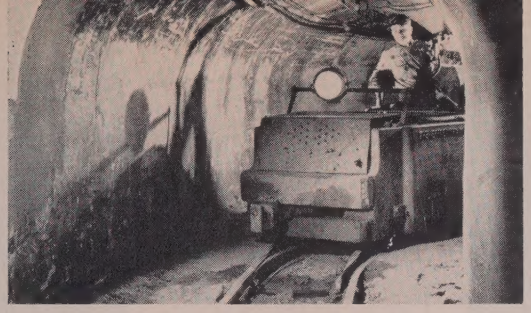

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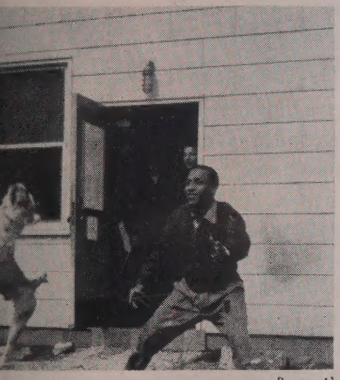

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CONTRIBUTORS

Nancy Ford, who wrote "The Railroad Under the Loop," used to be a newspaper travel writer. During the war, when there wasn't much travel section travel, she switched to transportation subjects and has given them most of her attention since.

Eugene Field is the only contributor to this issue for whom a statue has been erected in Lincoln park. He worked for the "Daily News" and the "Record" between 1883 and 1895.

Robert A. Hatch, who wrote about "Fences in the Sky," learned the subject during his recent term of service in the air force. He now works for a newspaper in San Diego.

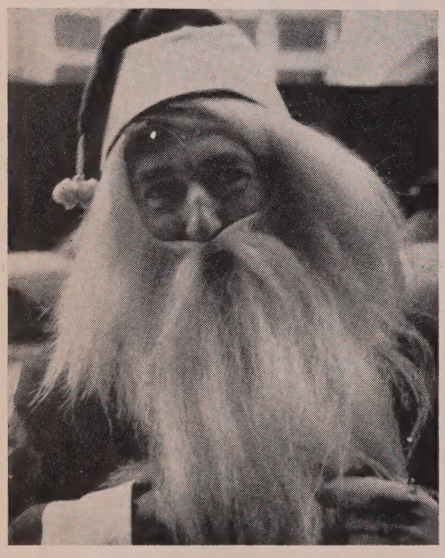
Robert Elliott, a newspaperman who has previously written articles for this magazine, makes his short story debut with "Heavenbound."

COVER

The only Christmas tree ornaments in town with titles of articles written on them were given to the baby by designer Morton Goldsholl, a man with an eye for the unexpected present.

No, Virginia, There Isn't *A* Santa Claus

There must be an easier way to get ahead in Kiwanis.



Say, sonny, is that your mother or your sister?

There are, as any sophisticate knows, a large number of Santa Clauses. The fiction that most of them are merely helpers is doubly reprehensible. It creates ideological strife among the city's youth because of their differing beliefs as to which store has the boss Santa. More important, it libels the various St. Nicks, who are entitled to recognition as individual personalities. Every Santa has his own face and his own point of view, altho the thoughts attributed to those shown here are, more likely than not, purely imaginary.

photographs by Edward Wallowitch

What a hunch! Donder and Blitzen in the daily double at Hialeah.

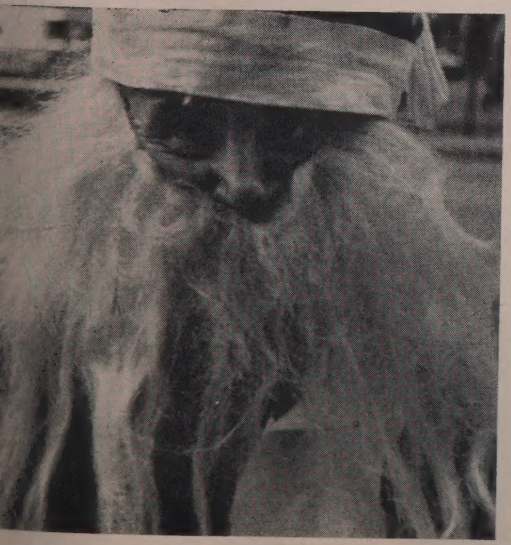
Yeah sure, I'm just crazy about shaggy dog stories.

For this I majored in industrial relations.

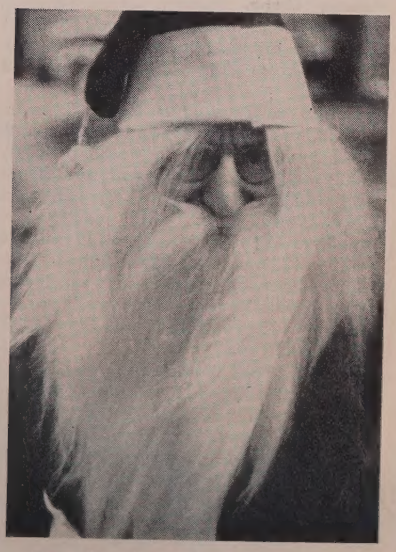
Okay, so it's broken. Did you ever go ten rounds with Barney Ross?

ne more kid jabs his elbow in my Pall Malls, I go back to the road gang.

Obediently yours, my foot.



Whaddaya expect in Cicero, Monty Wooley?



Go ahead, madam, just ask me where the powder room is.

WHAT GOES ON HERE

listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

THEATER

Kismet, Great Northern, 26 w. Jackson (CE 6-8240). This comedy-melodrama-musical has a vagabond poet as a central character and a score based on music of Alexander Borodin. Opens Dec. 5. Nightly, except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Pajama Game, Shubert, 22 w. Monroe (CE 6-8240). A lusty musical of life, love and labor relations in a pajama factory. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Teahouse of the August Moon, Erlanger, 127 n. Clark (ST 2-2459). Burgess Meredith holds together this John Patrick comedy about the American occupation of Okinawa. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Bus Stop, Selwyn, 180 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). William Inge puts assorted Greyhound passengers together in a lunchroom and comes up with a down-to-earth drama. Thru Dec. 19. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

The Solid Gold Cadillac, Blackstone, 60 Balbo (CE 6-8240). Satire and shenanigans stemming from the world of big business. Nightly, 8:30; mat. Sat., 2:30.

Cinerama Holiday, Eitel's Palace, 159 Randolph (AN 3-0055). The three-eyed camera follows U. S. and European couples thru a reciprocal tour agreement. Nightly, Sun.-Thur., 8:30; Fri., 7 & 10; Sat., 7:30 & 10:30. Mat., Mon.-Thu. & Sat., 2:30; Fri., 1; Sun., 2 & 5.

repertory & university

Playwrights theater, 416 n. State (WH 3-2272). The company will tour George Bernard Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple" thru December. First scheduled performances are at 11th Street theater, 72 e. 11th, Dec. 8, 10 & 11, 8:30 p.m.

University of Chicago, Mandel hall, 57th & University (MI 3-0800 ext. 1062). "Santa Claus," world premiere of an opera with music by Leland Smith and e. e. cummings' lyric poem as a libretto. Denis Cowan, tenor, principal. Also, a dramatic recital of Dylan Thomas' "Return Journey." Dec. 9 & 10. 8:30 p.m.

MUSIC

Chicago Symphony orchestra, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0363). Thu. & Sat., 8:15 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 2 p.m. Fritz Reiner, cond. **Dec.: 1** (Thu.), Overture "Roman Carnival," Berlioz; Symphony 4, Brahms; Overture and Venusberg mu from "Tannhauser," Prelude to "Die M stersinger," Wagner. **3** (Sat.), cond. program to be announced. **8** (Thu.), (Fri.), Inge Borkh, soprano, soloist; P sacaglia, Interlude and Fugue, Sower Symphony No. 2, Sibelius; final scene f "Salome," Richard Strauss. **13** (Tue.), dolph Serkin, piano, soloist; Overture "Semiramide," Rossini; C minor Piano C certo, K 503, Mozart; Symphony No. Sibelius. **15** (Thu.), & **16** (Fri.), Rudo Serkin, piano, soloist; Carnaval overt Dvorak; Symphony No. 2, Beethoven; C cert-Piece, opus 92, Schumann; "Burles for Piano and Orchestra," Richard Stra **17** (Sat.), Karl Kritz, cond. Overture to " Force of Destiny," Verdi; Toccata, Pist Rosenkavalier suite, Richard Strauss; S phony No. 2, Brahms. **22** (Thu.), & **23** (F Prelude to "The King's Children," Hum dinck; "Nobilissima Visione," Hindem "Church Windows," Respighi; Nutcra Suite, Tchaikovsky. **27** (Tue.), Ca Wicks, violin, soloist; Carnaval overt Dvorak; A Minor Violin concerto No Mozart; two symphonic interludes f "Macbeth," Bloch; Nutcracker Suite, Tc kovsky. **29** (Thu.), & **30** (Fri.), Camilla Wi violin, soloist; Hary Janos suite, Kod A Minor Violin concerto No. 5, Moz two symphonic interludes from "Macbe Bloch; Hungarian Rhapsody No. 3, L **31** (Sat.), Overture to "The Bartered Bri

metana; Hary Janos suite, Kodaly; Hungarian Rhapsody No. 3, Liszt; Polka and ague from "Schwanda," Weinberger; ephisto Waltz, Liszt. (Programs are subct to change).

llied Arts concerts, Orchestra hall (FR 0566). Unsubscribed series tickets are put general sale three weeks before conrts. **Dec.: 4,** 3:30 p.m., Bach Aria group; 8:30 (Opera House), Platoff Don Cossack horus; **9,** 8:30 p.m., Halina Stefanska, iano; **10,** 8:30 p.m., Mattiwilda Dobbs, prano; **18,** 3:30 p.m., Mischa Elman, olin.

ollegiate Sinfonietta, Fullerton hall, Art stitute, Michigan & Adams (SO 8-2680). ay Still, oboe; Robert Bloch, violin; Ernest imer, piano, soloists; Dec. 11, 8 p.m.

ommunity Symphony orchestra, Thorne all, Superior & Lake Shore (CE 6-3445). ec. 11, 3:30 p.m.

mes R. Lawson, carillon, Rockefeller hapel, 59th & University (MI 3-0800). An l-Sibelius concert in honor of the comoser's 90th birthday. Dec. 4, 4:30 p.m.

ew Music quartet, Mandel hall, 57th & niversity (MI 3-0800). Dec. 2, 8 p.m.

orthwestern Choral union, Cahn aud., merson & Sheridan, Evanston (UN 4-1907). nnual Christmas concert. Dec. 3, 4 p.m. Dec. 6, 8:15 p.m.

niversity of Chicago Choir, Rockefeller hapel, 59th & University (MI 3-0800). andel's "Messiah." Dec. 11, 3 p.m.

diverse

hristmas carols, Rockefeller chapel, 59th University (MI 3-0800). James R. Lawson, arillonneur. Dec. 14, 4:30 p.m.; Dec. 16, :30 p.m.; Dec. 24, 4 p.m.

arber shop quartets, Opera House, 20 n. Vacker (FI 6-0270). Society for the Preservaon and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America. Dec. 10, 8:30 .m.

tan Kenton and orchestra, Opera House FI 6-0270). Dec. 12, 8:30 p.m.

DANCE

allet Russe de Monte Carlo, Opera House, 0 n. Wacker (FI 6-0270). With Alicia lonso and Igor Youskevitch. Opens Dec. 5. Nightly, 8:30; mat., Dec. 26, 2:30 p.m.

armen Amaya and company, Opera louse (FR 2-0566). Dec. 9, 8:30 p.m.

OPERA

yric theater, Opera House, 20 n. Wacker AN 3-5586). "L'Amore dei Tre Re," Dorothy irsten, Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, Carlo Beronzi. Robert Weede. Dec. 2, 8 p.m.; "Un allo in Maschera," Anita Cerquetti, Claramae Turner, Jussi Bjoerling, Tito Gobbi. Dec. 3, 8 p.m.

SPECIAL EVENTS

hristmas Flower show, Lincoln park (Fullrton & Stockton) and Garfield park (300 Central park) conservatories (HA 7-252). Dec. 25 thru Jan. 8, 9 a.m. to 9 .m. Annual park district displays of poinettias and other seasonal blooms.

ollywood Ice revue, Chicago stadium, 800 w. Madison (SE 3-5300). Opens Dec. 5. Nightly, 8:30, except Sun., 2 and 6 p.m.

Illinois Tech Prep Basketball tournament, Int'l amphitheater, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). Dec. 26 thru 31. Games from 1 p.m.

Int'l Livestock exposition, Int'l amphitheater (YA 7-5580). Thru Dec. 3, 10 a.m. to midnight.

ART EXHIBITS

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). Masterpiece of the month: Madonna and Child with Angels, painting by Brussels master, Colijn de Coter (1450-1510). **New exhibit:** from Dec. 16, selection of woodcuts by Okumura Masanobu from the Clarence Buckingham collection, gallery H-5. **Continuing:** thru Dec. 15, Paintings by contemporary Chinese landscape artist Chiang Er-Shih, gallery H-9; thru Dec. 11, selections from the Gunsaulus memorial collection of Japanese greeting cards, gallery H-5; thru Dec. 15, Picasso paintings from the institute's collection, gallery of art interpretation; photographs by Aaron Siskind, gallery 5; Emily Crane Chadbourne collection of early Americana, gallery L-2; Gaffron collection of Peruvian art, galleries L-4 and L-4a; miniature wax sculptures, gallery A-6; Thorne miniature rooms, 67 historical models of French, English and American interiors. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. & hol., noon to 5 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun. & hol.

Isamo Noguchi, sculpture. Thru Dec. 3, Arts Club of Chicago, 109 e. Ontario (SU 7-3997). From Dec. 13, **Melanesian sculpture;** also rugs designed by American painters and woven by Gloria Finn. Mon.-Sat., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Twentieth century drawings, Klee, Miro, Matta, others. Allan Frumkin gallery, 152 e. Superior (SU 7-0564). Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Chicago artists represented by Fairweather-Hardin gallery — Hoff, Kahn, Coen, Campoli, others. 139 e. Ontario (MI 2-0007). Thru Nov. 30, **Picasso** graphics. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Marion Lukens, stone sculpture; **Rudolph Pen,** paintings. From Dec. 3, Chicago Public library art department, Randolph & Michigan (CE 6-5821). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Sat. to 5:30 p.m.

Bacia Gordon, paintings of Israel. Fisher hall gallery, College of Jewish Studies, 72 e. 11 (HA 7-5570). Sun.-Thu., 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Fri., to 4 p.m.; Sat., 6 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Kazimieras Zoromskis, paintings; **Albert Henselman,** sculpture; **William Miller,** photographs. Riccardo's restaurant, 437 Rush (SU 7-2874). Mon.-Sat., 11:30 a.m. to 4 a.m.; Sun. from 1 p.m.

Irving Shapiro, watercolors of the Chicago area. From Dec. 3, Chicago galleries, 30 s. Michigan, 2nd floor (CE 6-9646). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat. to 4 p.m.

Contemporary European drawings and gravures. Main Street gallery, 642 n. Michigan (SU 7-6600). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat. to 6 p.m.

1020 Art Center. Survey of contemporary midwest graphics. 1020 Lake Shore drive (MI 2-2433). Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Midwest potters and sculptors, annual juried group show. Robert North gallery, 41 e. Walton (MI 2-8555). Daily, 2 p.m. to 11 p.m., exc. Thu. & Sun.

Hull house student work, annual Christmas exhibit of paintings, weaving, pottery and enamels. Benedict art gallery, 800 s. Halsted. (MO 6-6005). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 6 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Harry Hult, paintings. Thru Dec. 16, Stevens-Gross gallery, 620 n. Michigan (SU 7-0914). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

LECTURES

Anshe Emet forum, Solomon Goldman auditorium, 4040 Sheridan (BU 1-1423). Dec. 6, 8:15 p.m., "The United Nations — Has It Been a Success?" Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

College of Complexes, 862 n. State (WH 4-9028). Dec. 2, "Will America Outgrow Its Neuroses?" Dr. S. Kirsen Weinburg; Dec. 9, "The Arab World: Under the Belly of Russia," Saadat Hasan; Dec. 16, "Delinquency, What Is It?" A. Lewis Penner; Dec. 23, "Are Monogamy Laws Realistic?" Seymour Persky. 9 p.m.

Roosevelt university, 430 s. Michigan (WA 2-3580). Dec. 6, "Freedom and Order"; Dec. 8, "Freedom and the Political Economy," Russell Kirk. Sinha hall, 8 p.m. Discussion in the round series; Dec. 7, 8 p.m., "American Conservatism and Liberalism Today," Russell Kirk, Wayne A. R. Leys, Walter Weiskops.

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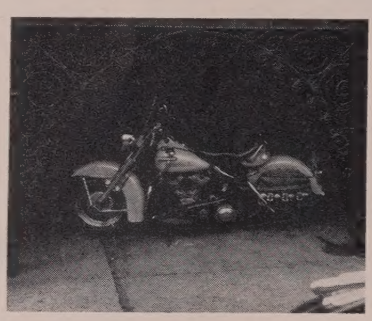
DE 2-7245

University of Chicago, U. of Chicago campus (MI 3-0800). Walgreen Foundation series: "Science in America," Gerard Piel. Dec. 2, "Our Industrial Culture." Dec. 5, "The Patrons of Science; John D. and John Q." Dec. 7, "Security & Heresy." Dec. 9, "Manifest Destiny in the Age of Science." 4:30 p.m. "The Romantic Revolution in Political Moral Philosophy:" Isaiah Berlin. Dec. 1 & 8, 8:30 p.m. Both series, Social Sciences Research building, 1126 e. 59th. Free.



MUSEUMS

Adler planetarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-1428). Dec. show: "The Star of Bethlehem." Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. & 3 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 8 p.m.; Sun., 2 & 3:30 p.m. Museum hours: daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., except Tue. & Fri. to 9 p.m. Free Wed., Sat. & Sun.

Chicago Academy of Sciences, 2001 n. Clark (LI 9-0606). Natural history exhibits pertaining to the area. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Special exhibit: Caricature paintings of famous late 19th century personages. Weekdays, 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol., 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Free weekdays.

Dearborn observatory, Northwestern university, Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Open to the public every clear Fri., 7:30 to 9 p.m.

George F. Harding museum, 4835 Lake Park (KE 6-0008). Medieval armor, arms, and art. Daily, 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon. & Sat.

Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). Thru Dec. 11, "Christmas Around the World," showing Christmas trees, customs and observances of various nationalities. Performances at 2, 7 & 8:30 p.m. weekdays. Additional performances at 3:30 & 5 p.m. on Sat. & Sun. Museum hours: Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Sat. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol. to 7 p.m. Museum remains open until 8:30 on weekends of "Christmas Around the World" programs.

Natural History museum, Field & Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Permanent exhibits in anthropology, geology, botany and zoology. 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

Oriental institute, U. of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th (MI 3-0800). Historical treasures in art and culture of ancient Near East countries. Tue.-Wed., 10 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m.; Thu.-Sun., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

Shedd aquarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of fish, from sharks to seahorses. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

SPORTS

pro football

Bears, Wrigley field, Clark & Addison (DE 2-5400). Dec. 4, Detroit; Dec. 11, Philadelphia. 1:05 p.m.

college basketball

De Paul, Chicago stadium, 1800 Madison (SE 3-5300). Dec. 10, Penn State; Dec. 16 Duquesne. 7:45 p.m.

Loyola, Chicago stadium (SE 3-5300). Dec 10, Ohio State. 7:45 p.m.

Northwestern, McGaw fieldhouse, Centra st., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Dec. 10, Notre Dame; Dec. 27, Princeton; Dec. 29, Dart mouth. 8 p.m.

pro hockey

Black Hawks, Chicago stadium, 1800 Madison (SE 3-5300). **Dec.: 2,** New York; **4** Montreal; **9,** Boston; **11,** Toronto; **18,** Bos ton. 8:30 p.m.

TELEVISION

extravaganzas

Color Spread (6:30 p.m. Sun., Dec. channel 5). Musical variety with France Maurice Chevalier and England's Jeanni Carson, in color.

Hall of Fame (3 p.m. Sun., Dec. 11, Maurice Evans presents "The Corn Green," in color.

Producers' Showcase (7 p.m. Mon., De 12, 5). Tchaikovsky's "Sleeping Beauty ballet, with Margo Fonteyn and Micha Soames, in color.

Shower of Stars (7:30 p.m. Thu. Dec. 1 2). "A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dic ens, in color.

Spectacular (8 p.m. Sat., Dec. 24, Dennis Day, Wally Cox, and the Bai puppets in "Babes in Toyland," in col

Star Jubilee (8:30 p.m. Sat., Dec. 17, CBS' 90 minute musical variety show, color.

drama

Top one hour play series: **Alcoa-Goo year Playhouse** (8 p.m. Sun., 5), **Matin Theater** (2 p.m. week days, in color, **Montgomery Presents** (8:30 p.m. Mon., **Studio One** (9 p.m. Mon., 2), **Playwrigh 56-Circle Theater** (8:30 p.m. Tue., **Kraft Theater** (8 p.m. Wed., 5), **Steel Ho 20th Century-Fox Hour** (9 p.m. Wed., **Climax** (7:30 p.m. Thu., 2).

Medic (8 p.m. Mon., 5). The Dragnet medical dramas, with a sly emphasis the moral.

comedy-variety-music

Opera Theater (1 p.m. Sun. Dec. 4 and 5). Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," Dec. On Dec. 25, "Amahl and the Night itors" by Gian-Carlo Menotti.

Adventure (2:30 p.m. Sun., 2). Man vestigates the universe: dives into the s climbs mountains, sails the bloodstrea

Omnibus (4 p.m. Sun., 2). Ninety minu of epoch-making educational TV.

Ed Sullivan Show (7 p.m. Sun., 2). master strategist launches another mo of variety broadsides.

Variety Hour (7 p.m. Sun., 5). Still

daunted, the opposition matches Sullivan's big guns.

Caesar's Hour (7 p.m. Mon., 5). The brash clown relentlessly satirizes the lemon rinds of life.

Disneyland (6:30 p.m. Wed., 7). Walt Disney mixes the new and the old in cartoon and film magic.

Chicago Symphony (8 p.m. Wed., 9). Tops in TV music.

Perry Como Show (7 p.m. Sat., 5). A veteran of romantic ballads but a novice at variety sets a calm, collecting pace.

George Gobel Show (9 p.m. Sat., 5). The sophomore Chicago comic plays it cool and cheerful in his second careful season.

news-documentary

Medical Horizons (8:30 p.m. Mon., 7). Live originations from medical centers.

Wanted (9:30 p.m. Thu., 2). Factual, hard-bitten accounts of criminals at large.

Person to Person (9:30 p.m. Fri., 2). Ed Murrow knocks at the doors of the plush, the personable, and the ofttimes perverse.

Wide Wide World (3 p.m. Sun., Dec. 4 and 18, 5). Electronic look-sees at the broad broad globe, with TV cameras massed cross country and Dave Garroway at the helm.

for kids

Captain Kangaroo (8 a.m. week days, 2). Young Bob Keeshan becomes the fanciful mustachioed old captain with the wonderful pockets and the endless treasure house. Ages 2 to 7.

Mickey Mouse club (5 p.m. week days, 7). Adventure serials, cartoons, a circus, and educational features, with Mickey as host. Ages 3 to 13.

Mr. Wizard (10:30 a.m. Sat., 5). Don Herbert brings the youngsters up on an agreeable diet of test tubes and scientific truth. Ages 8 to 14.

sports

Quarterback Club (8 p.m. Mon., 9). Chicago Bears games replayed on film.

N.C.A.A. Football (3:30 p.m. Sat., 5). Dec. 3, Duke-North Carolina.

Football Films (9:30 p.m. Sun., 7). Film replays of Notre Dame games.

Professional Basketball (2 p.m. Sat., 5). Dec. 10, beginning of the 1955-56 N.B.A. season.

FOR THE CHILDREN

theater

Goodman Memorial Children's theater. Monroe st. & Columbus dr. (CE 6-2337). "The Prince and the Pauper," week-end performances: Sat., 2:30; Sun., 3 p.m., thru Dec. 18. "The Three Bears," three holiday

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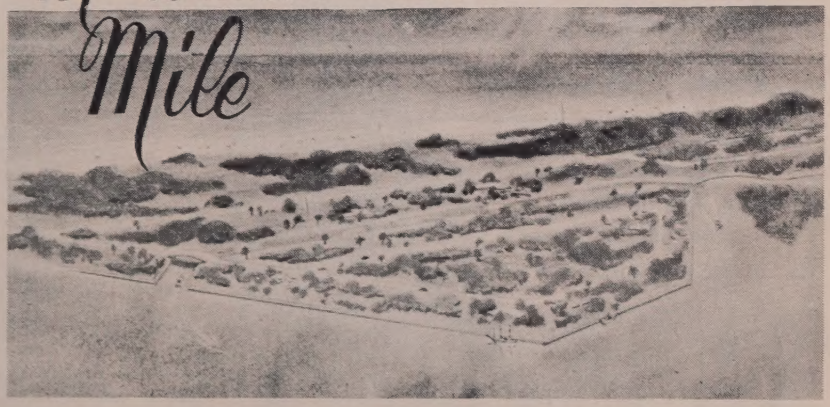

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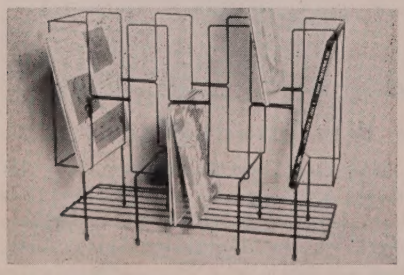

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week performances: Dec. 23, 29 and 30. 2:30 p.m. (Week-end performances begin Jan. 7).

Children's Theater of Evanston (UN 4-1900, ext. 376). Young people's series, at Haven school, Prairie & Lincoln, Evanston. "Buffalo Bill," a fast-moving historical adventure play by Aurand Harris about the western hero's early life. Dec. 3 & 10, 10 a.m. & 2:30 p.m.; Dec. 9, 3 p.m. Tickets are available thru Lord's in Evanston, or send mail order to Children's Theater office, Northwestern university, Evanston. **Jack & Jill Players,** 25 e. Jackson blvd. (WA 2-0317) "The Young and the Fair," a play for teen agers. Dec. 2 & 3, 7:30 p.m.; Dec. 4, 4 p.m.

museums

Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). Thru Jan. 1, annual display of Christmas trees thruout the world, in main lobby. Thru Dec. 11, stage

presentations in west wing theater of Christmas programs showing various national customs. The cafeteria will feature daily, 5:30-8:30 p.m., a national dish of the country whose customs are being depicted. Performances at 2, 7, 8:30 p.m., daily; Sat. & Sun., also at 3:30 & 5 p.m. Schedule of national days: **Nov. 26,** Lithuanian; **27,** Ukrainian; **28,** Czechoslovakian; **29,** Mexican; **30,** Japanese at 2, Croatian at 7 & 8:30; **Dec. 1,** Dutch; **2,** Norwegian; **3,** German; **4,** Italian at 2 & 3:30, Irish at 5, 7 & 8:30; **5,** Chinese at 2, Armenian at 7 & 8:30; **6,** Polish; **7,** French; **8,** Swedish; **9,** Hungarian; **10,** Danish at 2 & 3:30, British at 7 & 8:30; **11,** United States. Tickets, which are free, may be obtained in lobby of museum or by sending stamped addressed envelope.

Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Slide-talk, film and object-demonstration programs on Chicago and American history. **Museum mornings,** Sat., 10 a.m., **Dec. 3** & **10:** "From Town to City," how a frontier outpost became the hub of the nation; plus color film, "Great Lakes, Highway of Commerce," and cartoon. **Week Day assemblies,** Wed., 10 a.m., for teachers with classes: Dec. 7, "Chicago Rebuilt," with film "Great Lakes, Highway of Commerce"; **Dec. 14:** "Our Founding Fathers," with film "Alexander Hamilton." **Natural History museum,** Roosevelt rd. & Lake Shore dr. (WA 2-9410). December Journey for Museum Travelers, for children eight years and over, "Toys Always and Everywhere." Guided by instruction sheets, children "travel" to exhibits which include a 5,000-year-old pull-toy, whistles, rattles and clay birds from Babylonia, Malayan bird-kites, Japanese festival do and Pueblo Kachina dolls, Eskimo kaya and balls, made of unusual materia from all over the world.

music

Chicago Symphony orchestra, Orches hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0362). You People's concerts, Tue., 3 p.m., Geor Schick, cond. Theme **Dec. 6:** "Holid Music," with narration of selections fr Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite" George Kuyper. Soloist, Nancy Magnuss soprano: "One Fine Day" from "Mada Butterfly." Orchestra program: "Finlandi Sibelius; finale from "Faithful Shephe Suite," Handel-Beecham; "Holiday Strings," Rose; "A Christian Festiv Anderson.

libraries

Chicago Public library, Randolph & Mi igan (CE 6-5821). **The Children's Hc** one-hour weekly programs exploring world thru films, recordings and sto telling. Sat., 2:15 p.m. **Dec. 3,** stori "In the Great Walled Country" and " Whistle's Secret"; film, "The Steadfast Soldier." **Dec. 10,** stories: "Voyages of Wee Red Cap" and "Why the Chi Rang"; films, "The Littlest Angel," "Ni Before Christmas" and "Silent Nig Free tickets are available one week advance in Thomas Hughes room. Bra libraries hold story hours weekly for c dren of all ages. Consult neighborh branches for schedules.

parks

Afternoon and evening programs for c dren will be offered at neighborhood p during the Christmas school holiday. C sult local parks for schedules.

swimming

Instructions in swimming, life-saving, polo and water ballet are offered and girls at these Park District natato thruout the fall and winter months: A Town-Hall (5610 w. Lake); Blackl (2318 n. Lavergne); Independence (39 Springfield); LaFollette (1333 n. Lara Portage (4100 n. Long); Ridge (96 Longwood); and West Pullman (123 Stewart).

NIGHT LIFE

Black Orchid, 101 e. Ontario (MO 4-6666). The Mello-larks, Terry Hunter and Celal Ince, the Turkish Frank Sinatra, continue thru Dec. 19th. Dr. Arthur Ellen, hypnotist, opens Dec. 20. 11 a.m. to 4 a.m.; shows from 9:30. Lunch $.95-$2.50; dinner $2.95-$6.50.

Blue Angel, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). Calypso is still holding out in a subterranean room. The lobby holds a case of authentic voodoo relics. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30, midnight & 2. Food a la carte.

Boulevard room, Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). The "Carnival on Ice" revue puts the circus on skates and remains thru Dec. 22. A new ice extravaganza opens Dec. 28. Open from 5:30 p.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; Sun. mat., 4 p.m. Dinner from $3.25. $2 cover.

The Buttery, Ambassador West hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Quiet and elegant for 17 years, with dancing to Ralph Rotger's Latin-American rhythms. Noon to 2 a.m.; dancing from 9. Flaming sword dinner $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. $3 min. Fri. & Sat.

Camellia house, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). French cuisine and Jimmy Blade's music. Noon to 3 p.m., 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.75-$2.50; dinner $5-$6.

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-3434). The Vagabonds take to the road again Dec. 10. 6 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; late shows Fri. & Sat., 2 a.m. Dinner $3.50-$4.75; $5.50 special includes cover and minimum, 7 course dinner, after-

dinner liqueur, show, dancing and Jack Hagen.

College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman hotel, Randolph & Clark (FR 2-2100). Dining is Western style; music is by Frank York, his fiddle and orchestra. Noon to 1 a.m.; sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch $1.65-$1.95; dinner $4.50-$6.75.

Compass, at the Dock, 5473 Lake Park (FA 4-2800). Ad lib drama on topical scenarios is done by quick-witted entertainers. Regular shows are followed by improvisations on stories suggested by the audience. Shows at 9:15 Wed. & Thurs., 9:15 & 11:15 Fri. & Sat., 8:15 Sun. Folk singing from 9:15 on Tue. Open till 2 a.m. $1.50 min. Fri. & Sat. Closed Mon.

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opens Dec. 27 and includes Ted Reno, singer from Rome, and dancers Murio an Sheila from Paris. Meanwhile, Harry Bel fonte is offering a sensitive selection folk ballads. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m.; shows 8: & midnight. Dinner from $4. $2 cover.

Glass Hat, Congress hotel, 500 s. Michigc (HA 7-3800). Wayne Muir's "Glass Hatters play a relentless two-beat for dancing. p.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from $3.50.

Mister Kelly's, 1028 Rush (WH 3-223 Jimmy Bowman's name is still on th banner here. This month he alternat with the Jackie Cain — Roy Kral duo, we known for their consistently good ar imaginative jazz. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Foc a la carte.

Pump room, Ambassador East hotel, St & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Elegant hang- for celebrities and celebrity-watche David Le Winter's orchestra plays dan able music. Noon to 2 a.m. Flaming sw dinner $5.50-$9.50; other food a la ca $3.50 min. Fri. & Sat.

Swiss Chalet, Bismarck hotel, 171 Rando (CE 6-0123). Endre Ocskay's orchestra c an Alpine decor. Noon to 1 a.m. Lu $1.25-$3; dinner $3.50-$6.

jazz

The Beehive, 1503 east 55th (PL 2-90 One of the originators of bop, Thelon Monk, makes the piano sound obli from Dec. 2 thru 15, aided by bass drums. The rest of the month is fi with new sounds from the West Coast Art Farmer on trumpet, Gigi Gryce tenor. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Jam session local musicians Mon.; closed Tue. cover.

Blue Note, 3 n. Clark (DE 2-2247). T Dec. 4, "The Six," with Johnny Glazer Jimmy Frye and singer Al Hibbler, wh roughened voice has carried him three comebacks. Dec. 7 thru 18, the and roll music of Earl Bostic adds to current rhythm and blues craze. Ope Dec. 21, the veteran seller of arran and uncontroversial jazz, "The Duke Ellington," holds court. 9:30 p.m. to a.m.; Sun. mat., 5 to 7 p.m., features drinks for teen-agers and includes freq visits by Monitor. Closed Mon. & Food a la carte, $1.50 to $3. $3 min.

Cloister inn, Maryland hotel, 900 (SU 7-4568). Lurlean Hunter shares ho

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with New York's Morgana King Wed. thru Sun. On Mon. and Tues. Dick Marx and Johnny Frigo play happy jazz. 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. No cover or min.

Crown Propeller lounge, 868 e. 63rd (HY 3-4247). Dec. 7 thru 11, Roy Milton's or chestra tries to merge swing and bop Dec. 14 thru 18, blues singer "Ivory Joe" Hunter shouts with Jesse Powell's band Dec. 21 brings in Savannah Churchill 9:30 p.m. to 4 a.m.; Sat. to 5 a.m. No cover or min.

Jazz Ltd., 11 e. Grand (SU 7-2907). Na Trottier's trumpet, Jack Reed's trombone Tud Soper's piano, Freddy Moore's drums all help Bill Reinhardt's clarinet revive the good old days of Dixieland. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Closed Sun. $2 min.

Downbeat Room, 624 s. Michigan (WE 9-7727). A new near-Loop jazz spot begins with the King Fleming Four and Lee Barnes who plays piano and sings. Unti 4 a.m. Closed Sun. No cover or min.

London house, 360 n. Michigan (AN 3 6920). The Billy Taylor trio offers high type, far out jazz and follows Alex Kallao on Dec. 6. Music from 8:30 p.m. to 3 a.m. Fri. & Sat. to 3:30 a.m. No cover or min

Max Miller Scene, 2126 n. Clark (EA 7 8760). Improvisations from a slightly earlie era in a small, geometrically decorate room. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. No cover or min

Offbeat Room, Condes restaurant, 104 Granville (RO 1-3271). Ken Nordine read poetry and performs "word jazz" here Also on hand is the "New Faces revue, with Peggy Taft, Bob Gibson and "Th Cool Trio." Wed. thru Sun., 8:30 p.m. t 2 a.m. No cover or min.

State lounge, 1524 e. 63rd (NO 7-5757 J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding lay dow some good and aloof trombone sound thru Dec. 4. Dec. 7 thru 18 Chuck Berry' band performs. Dec. 21 brings Jimmy (M Five by Five) Rushing. 9 p.m. to 3:30 a.m Sat. to 4:30 a.m. No cover or min.

EATING OUT

Agostino's, 1121 n. State (DE 7-9862). Have for lovers of rich Italian cuisine, as well a fanciers of good steaks. 5 p.m. to 1:30 a.m Dinner from $2.25.

Allgauer's Fireside, 7200 Lincoln, Lincoln wood (JU 8-8600). A wide selection of ex cellent dishes. 11 a.m. to 3 a.m. Dinne from $2.50.

Black Forest, 2636 n. Clark (DI 8-7930 German food in a hunting lodge atmo phere. 11 a.m. to 4 a.m. Lunch from $1.2 dinner from $2.50.

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Blackhawk Restaurant, 139 n. Wabash (RA 6-2822). Don Roth's prime rib palace has a rolling rib cart, spinning salad bowl and personality waiters. Weekdays, 11 a.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Sat., 1:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m.; Sun., 3:30 to 10 p.m. Dinner $2.50-$5.

Clipper room, Atlantic hotel, 316 s. Clark (WA 2-2646). Sea food and German dishes in a tradition that dates back to the turn of the century. 11:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. Closed Sun. A la carte from $1.55.

Coach and Four, U.S. 20, one mile e. of Marengo (Marengo 41-J). A coachhouse restaurant of commendable fare and a women's apparel shop in a pre-Civil war mansion. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Fanny's, 1601 Simpson, Evanston (GR 5-8686). Spaghetti, salad dressing and other dishes all live up to their wide-spread fame. Mon.-Sat., 5 to 10 p.m.; Sun., noon to 10 p.m. Dinner $1.75-$4.75.

Fred Harvey's Harlequin Room, Palmolive building, 919 n. Michigan (DE 7-0606). A dark, quiet room for restrained dining. 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch from $1.25; dinner from $2.25.

Ireland's, 632 n. Clark (DE 7-2020). The neighborhood has changed considerably since this establishment began serving sea food in the early 1900s, but the standards of excellence have remained the same. 11:30 a.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from $2.50.

Kungsholm, 100 e. Ontario (WH 4-2700). Smorgasbord is a ritual here. Reservations are required for the extraordinary puppet opera in the miniature theater. 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., 5:30 to 10:30 p.m. Lunch $2-$3.50; dinner $3.50-$6.

Mathon's, 6 Clayton st. at the lake front, Waukegan (ON 2-3610). Lake trout and other fresh fish brought in daily by boats. Also sea food, steaks, chops and chicken. 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch $1.25-$2, dinner $2-$4.50.

Stock Yard Inn, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). The Sirloin room specializes in prime beef, but whomps up other dishes on demand. Dinner $3.25-$6.

St. Hubert's grill, 316 Federal (WE 9-8770). Superior food served by red-coated waiters in old English surroundings. Mon.-Sat., noon to midnight; closed Sun. A la carte from $6.

Picture credits, top to bottom: p. 6, Don Bronstein, Edward Wallowitch; p. 7, Wayne Gallagher, Wallowitch; p. 8, Robert Knille; p. 9, Henry Martin; p. 10, Martin, Russell V. Hamm; p. 11, Martin; p. 12, Carl Schranz; p. 14, Gallagher; p. 15, Gallagher.

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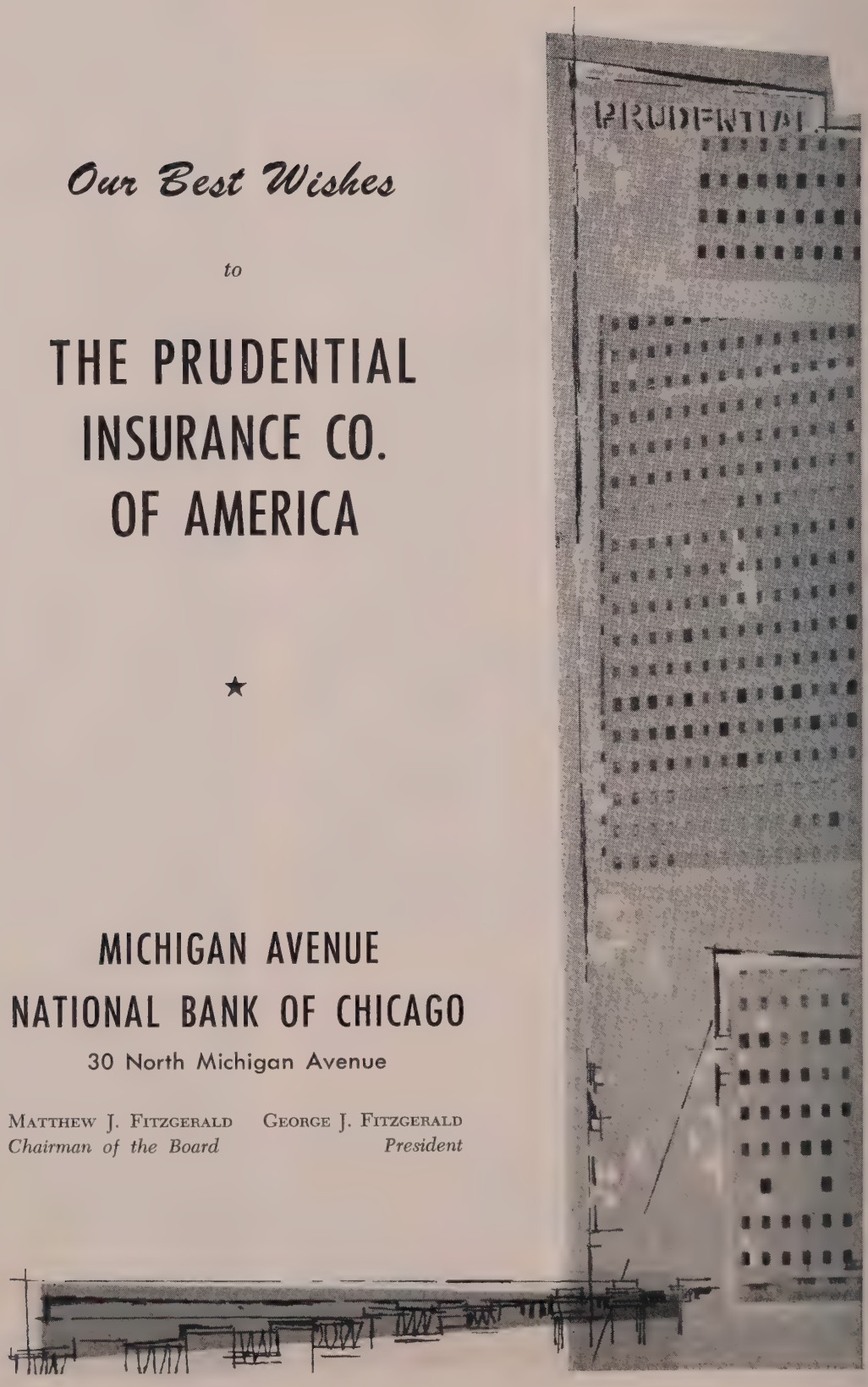

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HE HATES JUST TO GIVE OUT MONEY

"They're just like children," commented the personnel supervisor as more than 1,000 workers and their families filed past long tables viewing a display of luggage, radios, cameras, sterling silver, power tools, Irish linen and 41 other items. Altho it was Halloween week-end, Christmas records were playing and sparkling white trees with tiny electric lights decorated the spacious cafeteria of the Kroehler Manufacturing company's plant No. 1 in Naperville.

It was time for each one to choose his Christmas present from the company. He could have an A gift, valued at $40 to $100, or two B gifts, worth less than $40 apiece.

These presents take the place of Christmas checks. As a press agent put it, watching the order of his words carefully, "Delmar Kroehler hates just to give out money. He feels that a check is too impersonal. He would rather give them useful luxuries for their homes."

One of the first in line was a friendly young man in a red corduroy shirt. "I know what I want, I know what I want," he said. "Hi, Joe. Last year I got me an iron for mom. This year I'm taking a portable radio — Hi, Ed — going to take it to the football games."

Two girl press agents converged on the line with picture-taking as their object. They gathered six little boys around a bicycle. A photographer, whom they called Bobby, set up his camera. "Smile, boys," he said.

"Smile," said one press agent.

"Smile," said her colleague.

Behind the photographer stood a semi-circle of adults smiling at the boys, who looked glumly at the bike. "Haven't got a good shot yet," mumbled Bobby. "Look at the nice bicycle," he said brightly, "Why don't you smile?"

"I don't have a bike," one of the boys answered.

When Bobby gave up, the parade moved unimpeded.

A talkative lady wearing a royal blue coat said, "This is my second time thru the line and I *still* don't see anything I want."

"There's always some people will gripe no matter what you do for them," a man from the upholstering department commented. "Like Lincoln said: 'You can please some of the people some of the time, but not all of the people all of the time'."

"Abraham Lincoln?" the woman behind him asked, but he was involved with a folding chair and didn't hear her.

The woman's husband nodded agreeably as she said, "We both work here and we love every gift we ever got. When they used to give money we paid it on bills and this way we have something nice." She lowered her voice and added confidentially, "The company can get these things wholesale."

A couple sat at a table discussing their choice. The man said, "We really need a vacuum cleaner." His wife added, "But I don't think I want *that* vacuum cleaner."

Interrogation of the personnel supervisor disclosed that the sewing machine, power tools, vacuum cleaner and radio were the most popular class A choices. "But they're just like children," she said again, "Most of them would rather have two gifts than one."

This year there is a choice of 47 gifts. When Kroehler started the system in 1949 there were only a couple of alternatives. Because it is common for an employe to have 12 to 18 relatives at the plant, this resulted in as many as six new roasters in one house.

Kroehler's gift-bonus policy has given rise to another tradition in Naperville. Some workers, after accepting the items, find bargain hunters with ready cash. As one employe put it, "I'm old-fashioned. I like money."

IT IS WRITTEN

On the window of a bar on Indiana avenue: "We will teach you how to drink."

THE NIGHT SAVOLDI GOT CLIPPED

A soft-spoken man dressed in overalls came into Savoldi's bar one morning and dropped a sheaf of papers in front of Savoldi.

"You sign in these two places," he said.

"I sign?" Savoldi said. "Me, I sign nothing."

The man said quietly, "You can't buck a city ordinance. I've delivered two new garbage cans. You look out in back."

Savoldi did so. The new garbage cans were there. He returned to the bar.

"You tell me to sign? Then what?"

"Then you pay me ten dollars."

Savoldi's face suddenly became red. At the moment, that signified nothing to the man in overalls. But in a matter of seconds, he realized what it meant. Savoldi, in a rage, was like a wild bull.

When the man regained consciousness and arose from the floor, he had forgotten all about the garbage can racket. He had only one thought in mind: to get away as quickly as possible.

After he had fled, Savoldi poured

himself a drink and gave a customer one on the house.

"Them racket guys!" he exclaimed. "Trying to hook me ten dollars for two lousy garbage cans that sell for a buck apiece. Well, they can't take John Savoldi. Me, I never been clipped."

"Savoldi" was a corruption of his true name, but he had preferred it ever since the great Notre Dame football player had embellished it with glory. In his younger days he had been a chef, for a brief time, in his native Rome, and then, for a number of years, in Boston. In the 20s he had drifted here and got entangled in the alcohol business. In later years he developed a habit of speaking casually, and somewhat intimately, of the Genna brothers, Al Capone, Hymie Weiss, Dion O'Bannion, and others of their ilk, but most people knew that he had been strictly a minor-leaguer, making half-pint deliveries in a battered Chevrolet and barely earning enough to live on.

The end of Prohibition helped cast Savoldi in his proper metier. He became a bartender on Division street. At that time he stood five feet seven, weighed slightly over 200, and despite the fact that he was invariably broke, he had the sartorial tastes of a prosperous banker. He had the innate courtesy which a good saloonkeeper must possess, along with an unerring instinct for determining which patrons were trustworthy and which ones were chiselers.

But in some respects Savoldi was as naive as a child. Thus, when the clouds of World War II were gathering, he made his own survey of the business done in the bar which then occupied 9 west Division street. From the standpoint of business volume, it seemed like a bargain, and Savoldi bought it.

He was disillusioned on his first night behind the bar. The customers were all males of an effeminate type Savoldi had never encountered at close range. He cleared out the bar long before closing time. On the second night he was confronted with the same kind of drinkers. He phoned the East Chicago avenue police station and had his place raided.

After three more raids had been made at his request, the reputation of the bar, and of the clientele, began to change, but the process was slow and Savoldi's financial situation grew desperate.

The rent was the most pressing problem. It was $21 a week, payable in daily installments. At 9 a.m. the landlord, a thin wiry little man in his late 70s, would open the door, thrust his head in, and shout at Savoldi:

"You got it yet?"

"Not yet," Savoldi would generally reply.

The landlord would go away muttering to himself.

Often this scene was reenacted five or six times daily, at intervals of an hour or two. And there were the dark, disastrous days when Savoldi never succeeded in raising the three-dollar installment and the landlord bellowed at him intermittently far into the night.

Savoldi got in bad with the whiskey and beer dealers, too, about his overdue bills. One night his closest friend, Jim McCarty, dropped in to have a few bottles of beer.

"They cut me off, all of them," Savoldi said. "There ain't a drop of beer in the joint."

McCarty got a taxicab, went to a liquor store, paid for three cases of beer out of his own pocket, and returned. Savoldi put the beer on ice. When it was cold, McCarty had a bottle. He drank two more before starting home. As he neared the door Savoldi called him back.

"You ain't forgetting anything, are you, Mac?" he inquired.

"Not that I can think of," Mac said.

"What about the three beers?" Savoldi inquired. "You never paid for them."

McCarty was familiar with Savoldi's twisted logic. He laughed, tossed a dollar bill on the bar, and left.

"Can you beat it!" Savoldi exclaimed. "My best friend pulling a stunt like that. Well, they can't clip John Savoldi no matter how smart they are."

In those happy days there was a remedy close at hand for a saloon keeper in financial distress. Division street was crawling with bookmakers. Limping Lefty, a giant-like young man with a clubfoot, and Little Jay, who had been badly banged up in World War I, patrolled the north side of the street, from State to Dearborn, picking up bets from anyone who wanted to risk fifty cents or more.

The south side of the street was the domain of Bob Burns, who had been a university man and who was always attired as impeccably as if he had just stepped out of a Brooks Brothers display window. Marty Marx, an ex-jockey who had been crippled when thrown from a horse, usually stationed himself in front of the old Airliner on the southeast corner of Division and State.

King Barrett and Harry Harvey, two oldtimers who had known 22nd street in its heyday, picked up the bets when Burns missed. If, because of police interference, none of them happened to be at large, it was no problem to find someone at the newsstands at State and Dearborn to get your bets in for you.

Savoldi never had enough money to operate a handbook of his own, but his saloon was ideally designed for such a business. It had been laid out in the early 1900s and consisted of a long, narrow room where the antiquated bar was located, and an old-fashioned "family room" at the rear.

As a handbook, the "family room" was almost raid-proof. A huge deal table was installed in it. At its head

Carl Schranz

at the bookmaker. A buzzer gave a warning whenever police entered the saloon. Long before they traversed the length of the bar, a quiet game of rummy was under way at the deal table; the bookmaker had vanished thru the back door or into the basement with his incriminating documents, and the "family room" seemed a thoroly innocent place, altho the number of kibitzers watching the card game was suspiciously large.

The rent which Savoldi obtained from the bookmaker helped him weather many of his frequent financial storms.

Moreover, his bar business began to improve, partly because of the influx of horse players and partly because of Eddie Cox, the oldtime vaudeville headliner, who spent all his spare time in Savoldi's. Eddie knew everybody worth knowing in show business and the sports world. As a result, an afternoon visitor to the "family room" often found himself rubbing shoulders with Ted Lewis and his Shadow, a Negro who teamed with him on the stage; Sophie Tucker; George Preston Marshall, the football magnate; Dave Condon, the sports writer, and others of lesser renown.

After the bar closed at 2 a.m. the "family room" was used for card games. Savoldi usually sat in if stud poker was being played. He was a cautious gambler, but he scored one notable coup which enabled him to pay his landlord for several months in advance. On this particular hand, Savoldi complained of feeling ill as the first cards were dealt. He appeared drowsier as the deal went on, but managed to get his bets in. When the last card fell, he seemed to be sound asleep.

Everybody had good cards. No one bothered to wonder what lay concealed under Savoldi's outstretched hands. Everybody raised. When it was Savoldi's turn, the other players had to shake him into a semblance of consciousness. He rubbed his eyes sleepily, studied the other hands at length, then raised the bet $100. He was called, but he had an absolutely sure thing.

"They can't clip Savoldi, even in his sleep," he said as he swept the money toward him.

Eventually the bookmaker in the "family room" got a green light: he could expand his operations if certain other parties became his partners. The big room to the east of Savoldi's bar (now the notorious Shoreline 7) was unoccupied then. It had seen service in the past as a handbook and a few days after the "fix" went thru, it was ready for use. The only entrance was thru a door in the "family room."

From then on, Savoldi prospered. He moved to the other side of the bar; he had enough money now to hire bartenders to do all the work. His landlord no longer harassed him daily; the rent was paid far in advance. The whiskey and beer salesmen who used to put restrictions on

Carl Schranz

the amount he could buy now beseeched him for big orders.

At 10 a.m. each day he took his place at the bar, prepared to hold court far into the night. As he sipped at his whiskey, he told of the great days back in Boston with his friend, Caruso. (He had pictures of himself with Caruso to prove that there was some truth to these tales). Then he would relate how he had outwitted the murderous Genna brothers in a prohibition feud. Boxing also entered largely into his conversation.

Almost every story he told was prolonged by loud arguments with his listeners, who, strictly as a matter of principle, never believed a word he said. Usually the dispute led to a sizable bet over a date, the pronunciation of a name, or some other trivial matter. And, as a rule, Savoldi won and was able to shout, exultantly, as he bought drinks for the house: "They can't take John Savoldi. Me, I never been clipped."

Life drifted along pleasantly for Savoldi until the Yuletide of 1945. A week before Christmas he suffered a mild heart attack. His friends in the bar helped him reach his apartment, where he took to his bed for two days.

On the day before Christmas he appeared to be his old self. He assumed his place at the bar promptly at 10 a.m. and launched into one of his incredible stories. At noon he was involved in a violent argument with two horse players. Shortly thereafter he went into the handbook next door and got a $6 daily double ticket to prove that his theory about how to bet was correct.

At 3 p.m., while seated at the bar, he learned that his daily double had come in. He collected $260 and bought drinks for everyone. An hour later he complained of feeling ill, but he wouldn't permit anyone to help him when he left for home.

His wife phoned at 6 p.m. "Something's happening to John," she told Al, the bartender. Her voice was choked with tears. "He can't seem to get his breath. I've called a doctor and the police are sending a car to take him to the hospital."

The handbook had closed at 5:30. The barroom was filled with bettors — clerks, waiters, actors, bartenders, dancers, police officials, politicians, newspapermen and the sharp operators who lived by gambling. A score or more of them rushed off to Savoldi's apartment when Al announced the gloomy news.

Savoldi lay upon his bed in the little room, wearing only his shorts. His clothes were piled up on a chair nearby. His barrel-like chest rose and fell as he gasped for breath. His eyes wandered around the room surveying each member of the crowd that had jammed its way in. He tried several times to speak, but couldn't.

Presently his eyes closed. His breathing came at long intervals with rasping difficulty. Then, suddenly, it was all over.

His wife sobbed. The crowd edged out of the room. The police arrived with a stretcher.

At 9 o'clock that night Big Eddie Sturch came into Savoldi's bar, carrying a long sheet of paper. Almost all of those who had seen Savoldi die

were still there, drinking and talking about what a great guy he had been.

"We've got to take up a collection," Big Ed said. "All Savoldi had was this place. He had no cash on him or in the bank."

Somebody remembered the events of that afternoon:

"But he won over two hundred today. Didn't he take it home with him?"

"Sure he did. He had it in his pants pocket on that chair," Big Ed said. "Let's hope it happened to him after he died. At any rate, tonight while we were in that bedroom, poor old Savoldi – God rest his soul – finally got clipped."

SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD

The opening of the new south outer drive running along the lake instead of in it has not been uniformly beneficial. One citizen known to have been discommoded is a saxophone player who used to send himself nearly every morning about 10 o'clock under the new overpass at 31st street. He would station himself in the middle of the northbound lane, which was not yet opened to traffic, and face the southbound lane, which was. There he would blow his heart thru his instrument as the undulations of his body reflected the beauties in sound which returned to him in the echo chamber formed by the viaduct. While some drivers whizzing southward would yank their heads around to confirm the apparition, his behavior never disturbed the flow of traffic, nor did the traffic ever seem to disturb the higher privacy of one who was out of this world.

STATE STREET ON THE LONE PRAIRIE

About 45 years ago Marshall Field and Co. came in contact with a young man of many talents named Henry Blackman Sell. He was one of 24 extra clerks hired for the Christmas season by the glove section of the store for men. After the holidays, Sell alone was asked to remain with the firm. He went into the advertising department and helped start *Fashions of the Hour*, the store's slickest customer publication, which has carried articles by such articulators as Carl Sandburg, in addition to its mercantile tidings.

Sell left Field's after a while and busied himself with such tasks as being literary editor of the *Daily News*, whose book page he initiated in 1916. Then he went East and made a lot of money in a lot of different ways. Now he's editor of *Town and Country* and president of an advertising agency, a vitamin firm and a fancy food company.

Altho deprived of Sell's omniscient presence, Field's managed to progress over the years. During the Twenties the store devised the now-common practice of having writers autograph their books at the point of sale. By 1954, when everybody was doing this, Field's decided to do something else. It began having authors sign books in the localities where their stories were set.

The first of the new kind of autographing parties took place in Door county, Wisconsin. The second one unfolded a few weeks ago in Cody, Wyoming, and it reunited Field's with its former glove seller.

Henry Blackman Sell has three traits in common with Victor Weybright, who is chairman of the board and editor-in-chief of the New American Library of World Literature, publisher of Signet and Mentor softcover books. They are interested in gypsies, fond of Chicago and devoted to the memory of Buffalo Bill Cody.

Sell is a distant relative of Cody, and he and Weybright are co-authors of a new book, *Buffalo Bill and the Wild West*, published by the Oxford University Press.

To stimulate interest in the work, Field's chartered an airplane and flew about 30 press representatives to the town named after and built chiefly by Buffalo Bill.

The delegation was welcomed by a company of cowboys who rode around the plane whooping and hollering. There was a commendable absence of the toothy models usually identified with such promotions. The guests were driven in a stage coach to their quarters in the Irma hotel, which Cody had named after his eldest daughter. Nearly everything in Cody, the junketers found, is named for either Buffalo Bill or one of his relatives.

They visited the Buffalo Bill museum, run by his niece, Mrs. Mary Allen, who is now in her 80s. They saw Sell and Weybright present her with the first copy of the book.

Above: Cowboys circle the plane as it lands at Cody. Right: Henry Blackman Sell (left) and Victor Weybright, co-authors of "Buffalo Bill and the Wild West." Extreme right: Lucius Beebe backed by a copy of his newspaper. Bottom: An overall view of Cody.

Other highlights of the trip were a Western melodrama performed by a local theater group, a visit to the dam and reservoir built by Cody to turn a desert into verdant farm land and a stop at Valley ranch, Buffalo Bill's precursor of the modern dude accommodation.

Milward Simpson, the governor of Wyoming and a Cody man by instinct if not necessity, turned up for the festivities. So did Lucius Beebe, the Eastern writer turned Westerner with a vengeance. He now runs the *Territorial Enterprise* in Virginia City, Nevada, a newspaper founded by Mark Twain. Beebe, accompanied by a 245-pound St. Bernard, strutted around in the garb of a circus ringmaster, drank tumblers full of straight Jack Daniels and announced that by his reckoning the East Coast starts in Virginia City and runs up thru Cody.

While all these things were happening, artist LeRoy Neiman was making marks in a sketchbook, and when he got back he did the drawings here with reproduced.

TERRITOS
ERPRISE
This Week's Paper
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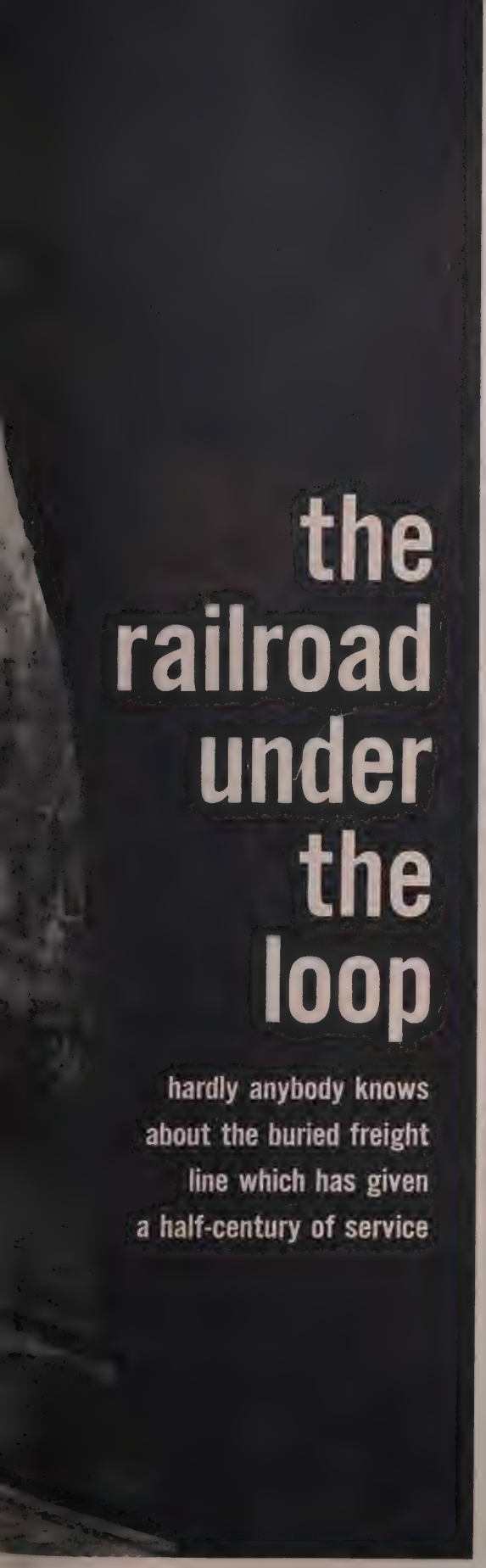


the railroad under the loop

hardly anybody knows about the buried freight line which has given a half-century of service

by Nancy Ford

It all happened on the day in 1904 when Edward Harriman, who knew all about trains, got in touch with Sir Ernest Cassel, who knew all about tunnels.

The head of the Union Pacific persuaded Sir Ernest to come here from London, and go for a walk of several miles, 42 feet below State street. The result was the creation of what may be the most unlikely, and is surely among the least known, of existing railroads.

This railroad has been executing its services as a common carrier without interruption ever since — and perhaps not one Chicagoan in a hundred has any notion that its locomotives and freight cars rattle constantly underneath his feet when he walks the pavement of almost any major street in the Loop. Most persons aware of the underground line would not know that, at its peak, it had trackage of 62 miles, involving 128 intersections; it runs under the river 11 times at a depth of 65 feet, and extends as far south as 16th street, west to Halsted, north to Erie, and under Grant park to the Field museum.

The Chicago Tunnel company has a history full of oddities. It was born by accident, as the result of an elaborate failure. Unheard as well as unseen, it can be reached only by elevators, emerges nowhere and its trains dead-head against concrete walls. It is counted a unique civic asset — which nobody quite

the railroad under the loop

knows how to use effectively any more. But its destiny is currently in the hands of a hotel executive, William Henning Rubin, who is aggressively determined to restore to it its prestige and its profits.

The freight railroad exists because of the tunnels, but the tunnels weren't originally built to carry tracks at all. They were the project of an independent telephone company, which began them in 1901, with the intention of putting wires and cables underground. The enterprise was a prolonged, expensive failure, but an excellent job of construction and engineering. Tubes six feet wide by seven and one-half feet high, horseshoe-shaped and driven thru the ancient stratum of blue clay were left beneath the downtown district. These tubes, as they were dug out, were faced with concrete one foot thick and it was the boast of the engineers who did the job that no fault ever subsequently appeared in the walls, no perceptible settling was ever noted, no damage done to nearby foundations. The tunnels are generally dry and always at a temperature of 55 degrees.

The telephone wires were never strung. But Harriman, who had interests in this city linked to his position as head of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific systems, and to his substantial interest in the Illinois Central, heard about the tunnels. Like all railroad men, Harriman was aware of the problems created by the multiplicity of freight terminals in this railroad center of the continent.

Harriman conceived an idea, which was eventually referred to Cassel, "the father of the ha'-penny tube" in London, and as good an authority as any on metropolitan tunnels and traffic. Hence, Sir Ernest's visit to Chicago, which was followed by the incorporation of the Chicago Subway company for $50,000,000, by Harriman, Jacob Schiff of Kuhn, Loeb, and James Stillman of the City National Bank of New York. The company was organized to handle freight in the phone tunnels and had the backing of half the railroads, as well as many local business firms.

In a more modest way, it also had the backing, and still has, of an ancient, wiry Irish-American named Packy Lydon, whose continued connection with the tunnels is probably unmatched, as it goes back to the digging of them. You can find him nowadays about 50 feet below street-level at 566 north Kingsbury street — that's near Grand avenue and the North Branch — a small, graying man who as you come up is likely to be throwing the switch on a little electric locomotive.

Powered by an overhead trolley and pulling a train of nine pint-sized cars loaded with "package" freight, the locomotive rolls southward in a dimly-lit tunnel, its headlight searching out winking signals ahead.

Motorman Packy steps his speed up to the limit — 35 miles an hour. The locomotive and its cars, sounding now like a miniature railway train, clickety-clack over rails only two feet apart toward subterranean terminals beneath railroad freight houses south of the Loop.

His cars all "cut out" at their various underground destinations, to be whisked by elevator to ground level in the stations for unloading. Packy phones his dispatcher, gets an order to pick up 20 "empties" at the Rock Island freight house at 12th and Wells. An hour and a half after the start of his run — a typical one — Packy is back at his home terminal at Grand and the river.

"We always were the fastest freight line in the city," he brags. He's worked on this railroad for over 50 years, was in fact a "mule-skinner" for the construction company that built the tunnels. ("A man gets a feeling about an operation. Especially when it's the only one of its kind in the world.")

THE TUNNELS now connect with seven railway freight houses — Rock Island, Michigan Central, New York Central, Grand Trunk, Chicago & Eastern Illinois, Chicago Great Western, and Pennsylvania. They once served twice as many — before the advent of the motor truck and a change in freight-handling procedures by some roads (Chicago & North Western now handles freight in its Proviso yards on the northwest side, the Milwaukee Road at Galewood, and the Monon Line at Hammond).

Once, the company had some 20 "commercial" stations in its territory, plus numerous connections in Loop buildings for coal deliveries and ash removal. In addition, it had four "public" stations, where freight shippers and receivers without direct tunnel connections could bring shipments for delivery to line-haul railroads and pick up freight routed to them via the tunnel.

A shipper with a private tunnel connection, i.e., a "commercial" station, could load a car of merchandise right in his shipping room and lower it to the tunnel by elevator. Likewise, cars of freight could be hoisted from the tunnel for unloading. Tunnel trains handled outbound freight directly to railroad freight stations, and hauled inbound shipments, after sorting at a tunnel station, to "commercial" stations, which once bore the names of such key firms as Sprague Warner, Reid Murdock, Butler Paper, Carson Pirie Scott.

The tunnels aren't exclusively in the freight business. They have a couple of sidelines. About 15 miles of pneumatic tube wind thru them to connect the City News bureau at 188 west Randolph street, with every newspaper office in town. City News covers much local news jointly for all the papers and the tubes enable the hasty dispatch of these stories. Five downtown buildings tap the tunnels for air, which they feed into air conditioning systems: Union station, the Blackhawk restaurant, Edison building, Morrison hotel and Mandel Brothers.

In their heyday, tunnel trains moved some 70,000 cars of freight annually, including 16,000 cars of coal. But traffic recently has been running at a rate much less than half that figure. And only a small percentage of total loading today is of merchandise freight. Instead, the biggest business is hauling cinders and trash from Loop hotels, banks and other buildings to a disposal station across the river from the Grand avenue freight house. (In time past, Grant park, including the land on which the Field museum and Soldiers Field stand, was made with fill hauled thru the tunnel system.)

Today, only one commercial station remains — at the North Pier terminal warehouse. The tunnel company freight house at Grand and the River is its only public station, and rep-

Pony-sized compared to standard railroad cars, the freight cars of the subterranean line can carry four to six tons of cargo each.

As early as the 30s, the tunnel railroad fought back at its enemy, the motor truck, by setting up its own trucking service to and from tunnel stations.

Pride of the underground is this gleaming aluminum car reserved for distinguished visitors. Unfortunately, not many explore the tunnels' 62 miles of track.

Full car is on elevator which has just been lowered from loading platform. It will now be coupled to other cars on tunnel track.

the railroad under the loop

sents a gradual consolidation of public station operations. The *Tribune* took over Station No. 3 at Seneca and North Water streets, made it a part of its warehouse facilities in the area, built a connection to the tunnel, and hauls newsprint on dollies thru the tube to the Tribune building. The tunnel company's office and station forces were accordingly shifted to No. 2 on Kingsbury street. Station No. 1 at Jackson and Quincy was torn down for the Congress street superhighway, and its functions were consolidated with those of Station No. 4 in the old Soo Line freight house at Canal and Roosevelt. That operation was later dropped, and Station No. 2 became a four-in-one central operation, and a repair station as well.

The really sharp downgrade in tunnel traffic began in the 30s, altho there had been some slippage earlier. Railroading's natural enemy, the motor truck, was largely responsible, but the depression didn't help either.

A heavy blow was loss of the mail contract. ("I can remember having half a million dollars in registered mail on board one day," recalls Packy Lydon). But the government decided to shuttle mail on its own trucks between railroad passenger stations, and between stations and the Central post office, instead of sending it by train thru the tunnels, which then had connections with passenger terminals.

And even before the passenger subway displaced the State street tunnel in 1939 (causing it to be dynamited and filled in), the department stores were moving more and more merchandise on their own trucks. Industry also was turning to trucks — usually those of local cartage companies. A few firms moved part or all of their operations away from downtown. Coal haulage disappeared from the tunnels, as Loop buildings converted to other fuels, or hauled coal in by truck.

To fight this loss of business, the tunnel company itself went into the trucking business in the mid-30s, using both motor truck and rail to provide a streamlined merchandise freight service. Today, the tunnel company's own trucks handle shipments between a shipper's premises and railroads without tunnel connections; they also do some hauling directly between shippers' premises and warehouses, and from one railroad station to another.

Only about five percent of the total merchandise tonnage now moves thru the tunnels, and this is largely freight going to railroad stations.

An advantage claimed by the tunnel company is that its trucks can bring small shipments into its own freight house for sorting and consolidating into solid loads for rail stations, then forward them either by tunnel or truck. Freight can similarly be consolidated if shipments from several railroads arrive at the tunnel station for a single customer. Local draymen must usually make several trips, with small shipments, between shippers' platforms and rail stations. The tunnel company handles billing for railroads on the freight it delivers to them.

THE FUTURE of the tunnel system now rests largely in the hands of Mr. Rubin, who recently acquired 25 per cent of the company's stock as well as its management. (Most of the rest now belongs to the Harriman interests and the estate of Lolita Armour. Rubin is board chairman).

Among the things he's looking for right now are a new station location and a rate increase.

"We need a new site, preferably near the Loop and with a tunnel connection, where we can have a loading dock big enough to accommodate a hundred trucks on each side.

"But," he adds emphatically, "we've got to have a rate increase on our merchandise freight." (The company has already successfully upped its charges for hauling trash).

Mr. Rubin is aroused because line-haul railroads oppose his requested rate increase. "We've asked for a boost from 41 cents a hundred pounds to 53, but they're fighting us. Yet, when they use the services of local cartage people it costs them over 70 cents. The 53 cents asked wouldn't produce more than $5,000 a year profit, but it would permit us to maintain our properties properly and replace equipment on a regular basis." The company owns some 300 trailers and 40 tractors, about 1,500 freight cars, and 60 locomotives. But not all of its units are in usable shape.

"We know we can increase our volume — with more men out selling our merchandise tonnage was up 2[illegible] per cent from May 1 thru September 30. But," he adds ruefully, "until we get more for our services, increased business just means increased losses."

Mr. Rubin insists that the tunnels are a unique city asset. "Isn't it better to have cinders and debris hauled out of Loop buildings by tunnel train than by truck?" More use could be made of the tunnels, he says, in bringing equipment into downtown buildings. "A repair part for our boiler room came into the Morrison basement the other day and was quickly installed. It didn't have to be trucked in and taken down by elevator."

A man who sees eye to eye with Mr. Rubin on increasing the use of the tunnels is Randall Cooper, head of the State Street Council, whose nearly 100 members are merchants, theater and hotel operators and other property owners. Says Mr. Cooper:

"We've felt for a long time that the tunnels aren't serving the city as they should. We've taken a decided interest in a proposal to distribute mail from the Post Office to the railroad terminals, and to the larger Loop buildings, including those on State street, thru the tunnels. It would speed up the movement of mail, and eliminate a tremendous number of truck deliveries. That in turn would help the movement of other vehicles — in fact, of all Loop traffic."

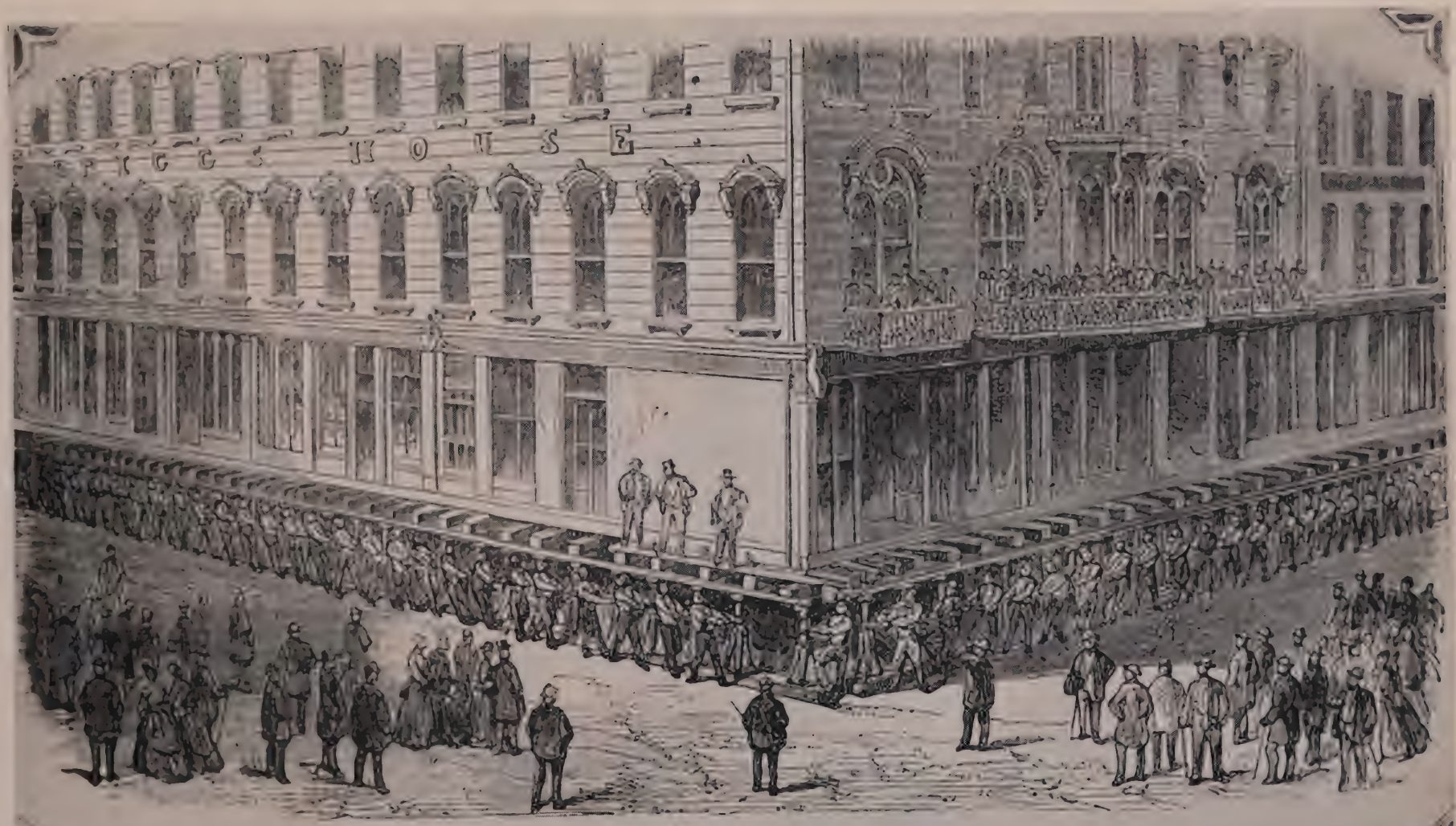
Putting the mail back in the tunnels — and off congested Loop streets — is an idea which has bobbed up several times in the last few years. One scheme calls for new electric trains, each of whose cars would carry a motor, but no crew. The trains would be dispatched electronically by a central office. Inclined tunnels would be built for overhead, "monorail" conveyor systems that would transfer mail containers from underground platforms to mail handling platforms of the Post Office and rail depots.

A recent rumor has conveyor belts transporting mail (and even pedestrians) thru the tunnels.

Exciting as these plans sound they're still nebulous. But even in pure speculation they encourage the hope that the city's unusual underground freight line may write some sparkling new history.

AN ALBUM OF TEN DECADES

In "the most studied city in history" library files bulge with countless thousands of sketches and photographs, documenting almost every aspect of its last hundred years. To winnow this graphic record down to the single most significant, or most curious, illustration of each decade since the 1850s, is a rash but tempting ambition resulting in this portfolio.



A NEW AMERICAN INVENTION: RAISING AN HOTEL AT CHICAGO.

1855 A spectacular, half-forgotten feat was carried out exactly one century ago. The whole downtown section was jacked up 12 feet above the original swamp, and the streets filled to that height with sand. According to the sketch above, guests remained inside their hotel rooms while the building was being raised.

AN ALBUM OF TEN DECADES

Photographs Compiled by Don Bronstein

1866 Less responsible than the railroads for the city's prosperity, the stockyards were more responsible for its notoriety. This is said to be the first photograph of them.

1871 The cottage from which the Great Fire did or didn't start, survived it. This view of the O'Leary house on De Koven street between Jefferson and Clinton was taken shortly after the flames had died down, leaving little standing anywhere east and north.

1886 Like Rotary and the Republican party, American radicalism has deep roots in this city. Its most lurid moment occurred on May 4, 1886 when a bomb was mysteriously thrown into a police detail during a workers' mass meeting at the Haymarket, on Desplaines street between Randolph and Lake.

AN ALBUM OF TEN DECADES

1893 The city which from the beginning had been a by-word for violence and crudity, in the last decade of the 19th century staged an exposition still widely regarded as the most lavish, spectacular — and successful — then, or since. The view above is of the west end of the Main Basin. The site today is that of Jackson park.

1909 A few visionaries in the business world began to perceive a destiny for this tattered by-way where automobiles were on the way in and lake passenger boats were on the way out. They formed the North Michigan Avenue association to coax this destiny. This scene is looking north to where the famous bridge, skyscrapers and shopping center now stand.

1918 In the First World War, as in the second, this was the dream city of the soldier on leave, and when the veterans came back from France, nowhere did they get a more romantic welcome than on the parade ground of Michigan avenue.

1928 The city reached the nadi of its reputation when, all over th world, Chicago meant Al Capone This picture (in which he relaxe with a United States marshal on th way to prison after his heyday) i one of few in which the scar o Capone's left cheek, for which h was nicknamed, is shown.

AN ALBUM OF TEN DECADES

1931 A decade which began in hysteria and ended in exhaustion is symbolized in this couple. They have just completed 1,300 hours of marathon dancing (the last 500 with no rest periods) at White City, then the south side counterpart of Riverview amusement park.

1942 Part way thru the chore of building a strange graphite structure, the builders stopped for this photograph, the only one ever made of their work. This is a view of the 19th layer of the 57-layered atomic pile which was set off in a nuclear chain reaction, the first ever made by man. Stagg Field became the stepping-off place into a new epoch.

Picture credits: pages 28-31 and page 32, top, courtesy Chicago Historical Society; page 32, bottom, U.P.; page 33, top, U.P., bottom, Argonne National Laboratory.

Today I heard the foghorn and thought of lonely Bayfield on the shores of Lake Superior and of the Apostle Islands, all 22 of them and only three inhabited.

Bayfield plans a Centennial Celebration next year. That means publicity — a beautiful publicity account and the governor himself proclaiming a happy wedding between long, long ago and high hopes for the future.

The trouble is I balk at publicizing one of the few spots unspoiled by the jinni of publicity.

Outside of some time in the newspaper business, most of my adult life has been spent in publicizing people, places and things. When a good job is done, word of a place like Bayfield is blasted far and wide — and blasted right out with it is its charm.

Like a three-lettered word everybody knows, "pr" is here to stay. Public relations is a respectable "con" game with everyone in the act from the local garden club chairman to our most august Public Information Office. Its virus and techniques have penetrated and permeated sports, politics, religion, industry, business, finance, philanthropy and personal relations.

If you want to be high man or top gal, get appointed publicity chairman of something. You might wind up an industrial giant, an art connoisseur, the girl wooed by all and sundry, the suburban matron with the mostest or the career woman making a happier world for kindergarteners. And you become a person of power. Name it and the jinni of pr can do it. Say anything enough times in print and people think they have always believed it. The unfortunate part is that sometimes the pr man and his client get to believe it too.

All this is straight stuff. I've been practicing magic with ink long enough to put the kids thru college. It can be reduced to a formula anyone can follow.

The best organizations to hook up with are those with a scientific or pseudo-scientific background. Stories about these organizations will nearly always see the light of print. (Especially if the organization is called a Council, a word which blows a distinct air of authority).

For those in search of a Cause stay away from diseases. Committees rake in millions of tax deductible dollars to do battle against the plagues The country is saturated wth them straining the limits of spontaneous human sympathy.

Glory and triumphs await the publicist of positive and wholesome causes like the Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, Kiwanis, Lions, Moose, Elks Odd Fellows and Community Chest But the publicist who is out to make the biggest splash — for himself — will set up his own cause. He'll analyze the scene with benevolent hear and calculating eye and then form say, the Society of Benefactors to Aid in the Rehabilitation of Unwed Mothers. There's a story the newspaper would go for. It touches on prison reform, social welfare, the judiciary industry — and it carries prestige Think of the headline — a smashin

A confidential memo from an anonymous public relations operative revealing how you, too, may achieve note as a leading authority or a sought-after do-gooder or even get the mayor to proclaim, "Today is Dog Day."

press agent

EXPOSE BLACK MARKET IN BABIES. The picture possibilities are tremendous. They might crack *Life*. Portals are wide open in all media for a big story. Even the Voice of America.

Start with a quiet luncheon with two or three kindred spirits (don't choose anyone who will try to capture the limelight) and steer conversation around to doing a little more for the community. Tell how your wife was distressed because her nice baby-sitter had to be spirited away because — well you know what to say. Your companions agree something should be done about it, and before you sign the check you've been elected publicity chairman of the Society of Benefactors to Aid in the Rehabilitation of Unwed Mothers.

Out goes a story to tell the press — and the public — that the committee has been formed, its roster of officers, and its lofty purpose. The second story will be a survey of conditions. This may call for a press conference — the handiest tool for the best coverage. The third release will cover a meeting addressed by a judge from the court dealing in unwed mothers. The fourth will cover a panel discussion by a sociologist, penologist, head of the PTA and you, an aroused citizen. Then plant a sensational picture of a subject of the SOB (Society of Benefactors) staring grimly into the camera but wearing a mask (the papers, particularly Hearst, would love that). In another, have her hold a baby — not a doll; it has to be a baby. The city orphanage normally has a good supply.

By now you are in demand as a speaker and panelist, and for radio and TV interviews. You have become a member of two or three "key" clubs but have become much too sober for such frivolity.

Months roll by and you wonder what your life consisted of before you took to reading case histories of indigent unweds. There are visits to hospitals and nurseries and the papers call you frequently for quotes.

This gives you a rough blueprint of how to get started. But you must start with an idea. "Gimmick" is the tired word prs use, but the word "idea" is always fresh.

The United States Chamber of Commerce issues a list of special days like Nubby Pickle Day, Bubble Gum Day, Banana Day, etc. Don't overlook these days for publicity opportunities. Potato Day gives a chance to run a gala contest for a Mashed Potato Queen. If a good day doesn't come along, make your own day. Dog Day is a good one and I don't think it has been used. The mayor or governor usually will be glad to sign a proclamation. Your SOB should be a natural.

Newspaper editors welcome a good press agent, much as they might growl at him. Without the pr, the editor would have to work twice as hard.

Running thru today's afternoon newspaper in Chicago (research), I listed these major stories as having stemmed from pr people: National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Community Fund, Heart Fund, American Medical Writers Association, University of Illinois, CIO United Auto Workers, Chicago Association of Commerce and Industry, Citizens Schools committee, National Council of Jewish Women, Sinai temple, Swedish Glee club, Senator Dirksen, Chicago Transit authority, Northwestern University Traffic institute, American Academy of Pediatrics, Pancake Queen of Villa Grove, National Association of Home Builders, Chicago Sanitary district, Kiwanis International, Roosevelt university, Illinois Youth commission, Lyric Theater and American Institute of Electrical Engineers. Pages for sports, women, entertainment, business all are larded with useful press agent material.

The pr knows what will print, nearly as well as the editor himself, who may be tomorrow's gilded press agent in this zany Alice-in-Wonderland business. A former managing editor of a large metropolitan paper is now traveling with Liberace.

The method of securing free time on the air is something you should know. Most programs have a "contact" person, often called a producer, who is either almost inaccessible or whose telephone is tied up hours on end. The producer wants your chair-

man or his wife, provided one of them has a good voice, is witty and can "take it." At the studio, theater, hotel or night club from which the program emanates, the producer gives your client a light going over and relays the highlights to the emcee interviewer. The good client pitches into the interview as tho it were the one outlet he has yearned for. Or he will do an admirable job of concealing his distaste, all for the sake of the cause. TV and radio plugs, like clippings, are measurable. They can add up to your fabulous success. You should know that.

GETTING HIS CLIENT on the radio and in the papers makes the pr valuable. Sometimes he becomes invaluable by keeping his client out. There was the elderly philanthropist, a man of impeccable taste, many good works and a reputation built on bedrock who got involved in a not wholly innocent incident some distance from his home. His pr man took the next plane and extricated the man and most of the story from the public press. That took a pr with a sound knowledge of his craft. Today that pr is securely retained for a period of years with little more to do than to send out a release each time his philanthropist takes over a new committee. Pulling chestnuts out of the fire pays off.

And that brings us to financial rewards for professionals. Prs collect anywhere from $100 a month on a small charity account to $100 a day as a consultant. Somewhere between $500 to $750 a month is the norm for a workmanlike job on a bread-and-butter account. These are the fees for the free-lancers or one-man shops, not the big time agencies. Big industrial agencies get $10,000 to $20,000 a year plus generous expenses from a single client. Trade association press agents, usually called executive secretaries, get up to $25,000. Many press agents would trade their jobs for no other, regardless of income. They like the opportunities to express their diverse talents, the freedom of movement and putting over the story in many media.

My own experience has included handling accounts for high fees, for low fees, and for just expenses. Being a free-lancer not enamored with the work (I want to loaf at Bayfield) I've preferred to take on one promotion at a time — one of the so-called Dog Days, conventions or crusades for civic, school, youth and religious groups at a flat fee. So part of my time stays free for other pursuits, less lucrative but more satisfying. Never think a press agent doesn't earn his fee. He earns every sliver of it. He competes with perspiration for every inch of space and every second of radio time.

Is there a press agent type — a happy-go-lucky person of infectious personality? Yes and no. Undoubtedly, a high percentage of press agents are phonies. The illusion of golden profits for little work will always appeal to a certain type. But, just as there are all kinds of lawyers, judges, doctors, merchants and professors, there are dour, shy, honest and delightful prs — competent businessmen and solid citizens. There are women, too, like the lovely airlines girl who, on the rare occasions she walks into the city room, elicits the warmest welcome from the grouchiest staff.

If this short briefing has given anyone a yen to be a press agent or has inspired anyone to graduate from the amateur ranks to the pro, then wide open untouched fields await him. Take Africa, complete with the Congo, elephants, masks, ebony and diamonds waiting to be publicized. Imagine the possibilities.

Now we'll take that copy of *Walden* and go to one of the smaller Apostle Islands and woe be to the pr who tries to take over the Bayfield Centennial. ■

Honeymoon at Key West

Deep-droppers down, your frogman dive
Be this, a couple's dance of feet
Where, honeymooned in tightened water
Over and under pressure on the
Search you lurch for, wreck you peek for,
Holding the gold that hit the sandbar,
It seems you both were here before.
Tube untangle from each ingle
And your worldly over-all;
Wansome wenders, buff suspenders
In this clear suffused and oozy,
Trail the feet and try the tingle
Where the pressure makes its angle
In this sky-light spangle-fall.
See the pierced box of the clam.
Ogle how he burns with bubble.
So your breath be out of trouble.
Fin-foot where the urchin bristles,
Flying fearless from such thistles,
Till you fall into your sky,
Half so dreamless, half so dry.

— Reuel Denney

drawing by Shelly Terman

The Symbol and the Saint

a story by Eugene Field

In this issue, CHICAGO inaugurates a policy of bringing to its readers, from time to time, a little known work by one or another of the writers who are part of the city's literary tradition. That tradition has been one of social realism, with occasional excursions into satirical humor. But there has been another, minor vein, of sentimental humor, worked by writers like Hamlin Garland, H. B. Fuller, Henry Justin Smith and Eugene Field. Forgotten now, this Christmas tale by the "Daily News" columnist and rhymester was part of his fame while he lived.

Once upon a time a young man made ready for a voyage. His name was Norss; broad were his shoulders, his cheeks were ruddy, his hair was fair and long, his body betokened strength, and good nature shone from his blue eyes and lurked about the corners of his mouth.

"Where are you going?" asked his neighbor Jans, the forge-master.

"I am going sailing for a wife," said Norss.

"For a wife, indeed!" cried Jans. 'And why go you to seek her in foreign lands? Are not our maidens good enough and fair enough, that you must need search for a wife elsewhere? For shame, Norss! for shame!"

But Norss said, "A spirit came to me in my dreams last night and said, 'Launch the boat and set sail to-morrow. Have no fear; for I will guide you to the bride that awaits you.' Then, standing there, all white and beautiful, the spirit held forth a symbol — such as I had never before seen — in the figure of a cross, and the spirit said: 'By this symbol shall she be known to you.' "

"If this be so, you must need go," said Jans. "But are you well victualled? Come to my cabin, and let me give you venison and bear's meat."

Norss shook his head. "The spirit will provide," said he. "I have no fear, and I shall take no care, trusting in the spirit."

So Norss pushed his boat down the beach into the sea, and leaped into the boat, and unfurled the sail to the wind. Jans stood wondering on the beach, and watched the boat speed out of sight.

On, on, many days on sailed Norss, so many leagues that he thought he must have compassed the earth. In all this time he knew no hunger nor thirst; it was as the spirit had told him in his dream — no cares nor dangers beset him. By day the dolphins and the other creatures of the sea

gamboled about his boat; by night a beauteous Star seemed to direct his course; and when he slept and dreamed, he saw ever the spirit clad in white, and holding forth to him the symbol in the similitude of a cross.

At last he came to a strange country, a country so very different from his own that he could scarcely trust his senses. Instead of the rugged mountains of the North, he saw a gentle landscape of velvety green; the trees were not pines and firs, but cypresses, cedars, and palms; instead of the cold, crisp air of his native land, he scented the perfumed zephyrs of the Orient; and the wind that filled the sail of his boat and smote his tanned cheeks was heavy and hot with the odor of cinnamon and spices. The waters were calm and blue, very different from the white and angry waves of Norss' native fiord.

As if guided by an unseen hand, the boat pointed straight for the beach of this strangely beautiful land; and ere its prow cleaved the shallower waters, Norss saw a maiden standing on the shore, shading her eyes with her right hand, and gazing intently at him. She was the most beautiful maiden he had ever looked upon. As Norss was fair, so was this maiden dark; her black hair fell loosely about her shoulders in charming contrast with the white raiment in which her slender, graceful form was clad. Around her neck she wore a golden chain, and therefrom was suspended a small symbol, which Norss did not immediately recognize.

"Hast thou come sailing out of the North into the East?" asked the maiden.

"Yes," said Norss.

"And thou art Norss?" she asked.

"I am Norss; and I come seeking my bride," he answered.

"I am she," said the maiden. "My name is Faia. An angel came to me in my dreams last night, and the angel said: 'Stand upon the beach to-day, and Norss shall come out of the North to bear thee home a bride.' So, coming here, I found thee sailing to our shore."

Remembering then the spirit's words, Norss said: "What symbol have you, Faia, that I may know how truly you have spoken?"

"No symbol have I but this," said Faia, holding out the symbol that was attached to the golden chain about her neck. Norss looked upon it, and lo! it was the symbol of his dreams — a tiny wooden cross.

Then Norss clasped Faia in his arms and kissed her, and entering into the boat they sailed away into the North. In all their voyage neither care nor danger beset them; for as it had been told to them in their dreams, so it came to pass. By day the dolphins and the other creatures of the sea gamboled about them; by night the winds and the waves sang them to sleep; and, strangely enough, the Star which before had led Norss into the East now shone bright and beautiful in the Northern sky!

When Norss and his bride reached their home, Jans, the forge-master, and the other neighbors made great joy, and all said that Faia was more beautiful than any other maiden in the land. So merry was Jans that he built a huge fire in his forge, and the flames thereof filled the whole Northern sky with rays of light that danced up, up, up to the Star, singing glad songs the while. So Norss and Faia were wed, and they went to live in the cabin in the fir-grove.

To these two was born in good time a son, whom they named Claus. On the night that he was born wondrous things came to pass. To the cabin in the fir-grove came all the quaint, weird spirits — the fairies, the elves, the trolls, the pixies, the fadas, the crions, the goblins, the kobolds, the moss-people, the gnomes, the dwarfs, the water-sprites, the courils, the bogles, the brownies, the nixies, the trows, the stille-volk — all came to the cabin in the fir-grove, and capered about and sang the strange, beautiful songs of the Mist-Land. And the flames of old Jans' forge leaped up higher than ever into the Northern sky, carrying the joyous tidings to the Star, and full of music was that night.

EVEN IN INFANCY Claus did marvelous things. With his baby hands he wrought into pretty figures the willows that were given him to play with. As he grew older, he fashioned, with the knife old Jans had made for him, many curious toys—carts, horses, dogs, lambs, houses, trees, cats, and birds, all of wood and very like to nature. His mother taught him how to make dolls too — dolls of every kind, condition, temper, and color; proud dolls, homely dolls, boy dolls, lady dolls, wax dolls, rubber dolls, paper dolls, worsted dolls, rag dolls — dolls of every description and without end. So Claus became at once quite as popular with the little girls as with the little boys of his native village; for he was so generous that he gave away all these pretty things as fast as he made them.

Claus seemed to know by instinct every language. As he grew older he would ramble off into the woods and talk with the trees, the rocks, and the beasts of the greenwood; or he would sit on the cliffs overlooking the fiord, and listen to the stories that the waves of the sea loved to tell him; then, too, he knew the haunts of the elves and the stille-volk, and many a pretty tale he learned from these little people. When night came, old Jans told him the quaint legends of the North, and his mother sang to him the lullabies she had heard when a little child herself in the far-distant East. And every night his mother held out to him the symbol in the similitude of the cross, and bade him kiss it ere he went to sleep.

So Claus grew to manhood, increasing each day in knowledge and in wisdom. His works increased too; and his liberality dispensed everywhere the beauteous things which his fancy conceived and his skill executed. Jans, being now a very old man, and having no son of his own, gave to Claus his forge and workshop, and taught him those secret arts which he in youth had learned from cunning masters. Right joyous now was Claus; and many, many times the Northern sky glowed with the flames that danced singing from the forge while Claus moulded his pretty toys. Every color of the rainbow were these flames; for they reflected the bright colors of the beauteous things strewn round that wonderful workshop. Just as of old he had dispensed to all children alike the homelier toys of his youth, so now he gave to all children alike these more beautiful and more curious gifts. So little children everywhere loved Claus, because he gave them pretty toys, and their parents loved him because he made their little ones so happy.

But now Norss and Faia were come to old age. After long years of love and happiness, they knew that death could not be far distant. And one day Faia said to Norss: "Neither you nor I, dear love, fear death; but if we could choose, would we not choose to live always in this our son Claus, who has been so sweet a joy to us?"

"Ay, ay," said Norss; "but how is that possible?"

"We shall see," said Faia.

That night Norss dreamed that a spirit came to him, and that the spirit said to him: "Norss, thou shalt surely live forever in thy son Claus, if thou wilt but acknowledge the symbol."

Then when the morning was come Norss told his dream to Faia, his wife; and Faia said, "The same dream had I — an angel appearing to me and speaking these very words."

"But what of the symbol?" cried Norss.

"I have it here, about my neck," said Faia.

So saying, Faia drew from her bosom the symbol of wood, a tiny cross suspended about her neck by the golden chain. And as she stood there holding the symbol out to Norss, he — he thought of the time when first

he saw her on the far-distant Orient shore, standing beneath the Star in all her maidenly glory, shading her beauteous eyes with one hand, and with the other clasping the cross, the holy talisman of her faith.

"Faia, Faia!" cried Norss, "it is the same — the same you wore when I fetched you a bride from the East!"

"It is the same," said Faia, "yet see how my kisses and my prayers have worn it away; for many, many times in these years, dear Norss, have I pressed it to my lips and breathed your name upon it. See now — see what a beauteous light its shadow makes upon your aged face!"

The sunbeams, indeed, streaming through the window at that moment, cast the shadow of the symbol on old Norss' brow. Norss felt a glorious warmth suffuse him, his heart leaped with joy, and he stretched out his arms and fell about Faia's neck, and kissed the symbol and acknowledged it. Then likewise did Faia; and suddenly the place was filled with a wondrous brightness and with strange music, and never thereafter were Norss and Faia beholden of men.

UNTIL LATE that night Claus toiled at his forge; for it was a busy season with him, and he had many, many curious and beauteous things to make for the little children in the country round about. The colored flames leaped singing from his forge, so that the Northern sky seemed to be lighted by a thousand rainbows; but above all this voiceful glory beamed the Star, bright, beautiful, serene.

Coming late to the cabin in the fir-grove, Claus wondered that no sign of his father or of his mother was to be seen. "Father — mother!" he cried, but he received no answer. Just then the Star cast its golden gleam through the latticed window, and this strange, holy light fell and rested upon the symbol of the cross that lay upon the floor. Seeing it, Claus stooped and picked it up, and kissing it reverently, he cried: "Dear talisman, be thou my inspiration evermore; and whereso-ever thy blessed influence is felt, there also let my works be known henceforth forever!"

No sooner had he said these words than Claus felt the gift of immortality bestowed upon him; and in that moment, too, there came to him a knowledge that his parents' prayer had been answered, and that Norss and Faia would live in him through all time.

And lo! to that place and in that hour came all the people of Mist-Land and of Dream-Land to declare allegiance to him: yes, the elves, the fairies, the pixies — all came to Claus, prepared to do his bidding. Joyously they capered about him, and merrily they sang.

"Now haste ye all," cried Claus — "haste ye all to your homes and bring to my workshop the best ye have. Search, little hill-people deep in the bowels of the earth for finest gold and choicest jewels; fetch me, O mermaids, from the bottom of the sea the treasures hidden there, the shells of rainbow tints, the smooth, bright pebbles, and the strange ocean flowers; go, pixies, and other water-sprites, to your secret lakes, and bring me pearls! Speed! speed you all! for many pretty things have we to make for the little ones of earth we love!"

But to the kobolds and the brownies, Claus said: "Fly to every house on earth where the cross is known; loiter unseen in the corners, and watch and hear the children through the day. Keep a strict account of good and bad, and every night bring back to me the names of good and bad, that I may know them."

The kobolds and the brownies laughed gleefully, and sped away on noiseless wings; and so, too, did the other fairies and elves.

There came also to Claus the beasts of the forest and the birds of the air, and bade him be their master. And up danced the Four Winds, and said: "May we not serve you, too?"

The Snow King came stealing along in his feathery chariot. "Oho!" he cried, "I shall speed over all the world and tell them you are coming. In town and country, on the mountain-tops and in the valleys, wheresoever the cross is raised, there will I herald your approach, and thither will I strew you a pathway of feathery white. Oho! oho!" So, singing softly, the Snow King stole upon his way.

But of all the beasts that begged to do him service, Claus liked the reindeer best. "You shall go with me in my travels; for henceforth I shall bear my treasures not only to the children of the North, but to the children in every land whither the Star points me and where the cross is lifted up!" So said Claus to the reindeer, and the reindeer neighed joyously and stamped their hoofs impatiently, as though they longed to start immediately.

Oh, many, many times has Claus whirled away from his far Northern home in his sledge drawn by the reindeer, and thousands upon thousands of beautiful gifts — all of his own making — has he borne to the children of every land; for he loves them all alike, and they all alike love him, I trow. So truly do they love him that they call him Santa Claus, and I am sure that he must be a saint; for he has lived these many hundred years, and we, who know that he was born of Faith and Love, believe that he will live forever. ▬

Two in One

Mother of ancient gods, Tonantzin,
Hiding behind the starry mantle of Mary
The Virgin to blend her Toltec nature
With a newer gentleness, merging the roles
Of goddess and Madonna into one queen of heaven . . .

Two figures grown to one as slowly drawn
By innocent mind together in the dress
Of her whose raiment mirrors sky,
Who bears compassion though the gods of moon and sun
Denied their own Tonantzin power to love and heal;

And old the rites before the worshiped form
Of this newer one, while counterparts of her
Lead all the ritual of spring,
Bearing fertility again to the wasted land
And health to creeping candles radiant with prayer.

Starry Mary, or the ancient goddess
Toltec born — what matter if the mold
Be one containment for the twain
To whom a humble people take their secret dreams,
So love be found in the gaze
Of the ONE who offers help from a mantle blue with heaven.

— Mary N. S. Whiteley

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FENCES IN THE SKY

A new variety of modern man, the jet pilot, waits at O'Hare field, always five minutes away from a high-flying blind date with his bogie

by Robert A. Hatch

Suntan Control, Suntan Control, this is Darkhorse Red, airborne, standing by for instructions."

The voice crackles over the loudspeaker in a small, windowless building near Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Hunched over a radar scope, an air force enlisted man peers at the white speck scanning across the screen.

"Roger, Darkhorse Red, I have positive radar contact. Vector Zero-Niun-Zero and climb to angels 35. Go gate."

"Go gate" means full power. High in the night sky north of Chicago, Darkhorse Red, the pilot of an F-86D all-weather jet interceptor, kicks in his after-burner for extra power, a tongue of orange flame trailing from his tailpipe. Within seconds he comes on the radio again. "Suntan Control . . . 090 – 35,000."

"Roger, Darkhorse Red, vector 35 degrees, your bogie is 15 degrees port, 100 miles, tracking 17 degrees."

The bogie is what he's after – an unidentified airplane. It might be a commercial airliner off his course; an unscheduled private puddle-jumper; a United States bomber testing the air defense net; or a foreign attack. Miles away at Lake Geneva the ground controller eyes his screen and two white "blips" – Darkhorse and his bogie. Carefully he guides Darkhorse, arranging the formal introduction on this grim blind date.

Once the jet is upon his quarry the pilot takes a "visual." If the stranger is friendly, the jet slides up beside it and the pilot notes the serial number on its wing. If the stranger's silhouette and markings are the well-memorized lines of a foreign bomber, Darkhorse is armed with 24 rockets, each equivalent to a 75 mm. shell, all ready to be fired in one terrifying salvo.

To Darkhorse Red and the 60 other air force interceptor pilots stationed at O'Hare air force base near Park Ridge, war is as close as a trigger button, ominous as the echo of the "scramble" horn which calls them on these nocturnal prowls.

"We have to talk about war today in

terms of hours," Captain Louis Bishop, executive officer of the 62nd fighter-interceptor squadron, says. "Right now we're working on the idea that the country with the first 30-minute jump will be victorious."

The United States is a newcomer to the business of full-blown air defense. The air force acquired rights to O'Hare in 1951 under a plan to position all-weather interceptor units near cities. Today, four years later, Chicago has defense in depth against possible attack. Two radar nets run the breadth of Canada, and a third "distant early warning" line is under construction. Squadrons are stationed at Duluth, Minneapolis and Madison, and there are several more in Michigan, plus O'Hare's local team.

The military's Continental Air Defense Command, which is essentially the "U. S. Theatre of Operations" in case of war, now includes the air force's jets, the army's ack-ack and Nike missile batteries, navy aircraft and patrol vessels, civilian Ground Observer Corps volunteers, and other reserve agencies. Over 300,000 miles of "hot lines" (priority telephone lines) connect CONAD's headquarters in Colorado Springs, Colorado, with bases in Alaska, Canada, and the United States. A year's phone bill on these wires comes to $22 million.

The United States now has some 1,500 jet interceptors and over 125 radar stations. Plans call for an increase to 90 squadrons, or 2,475 planes by next June and over 100 when the air force's 137-wing buildup is completed in 1957. An added $1 billion was marked for air defense this year, and another increase is expected in 1956. The United States has $3.2 billion in defense facilities now, and the operating cost this year of watching the skies will be more than $4 billion.

All of the planes now in CONAD's inventory are jet, all-weather models (like O'Hare's F-86Ds) in the 600 m.p.h. class with a range of 500 miles and service ceilings of at least 45,000 feet. All are capable of firing rockets. Within the next two years, two super-fast new interceptors will be in production and the air force is pushing its missile production schedule so that electronic brains will soon be standard armament.

The problems of defending the Northern hemisphere are immense. Lt. Gen. Benjamin Chidlaw, recently retired air defense chief, has pointed out the statistics: "We have three million square miles of territory to defend; 10,000 miles of border to guard; and a fence to build that goes, say, 12 miles high."

How good is that fence? How safe is Chicago? An air defense official says: "The 501st (at O'Hare) is on duty 24 hours a day, seven days a week, operationally ready to accomplish its specific mission. In the event of emergency it would do as good a job as it possibly could with the weapons at its disposal. How good a job it would do is difficult to answer. There are too many variables involved. In a way, it's like asking Eddie Matthews in June how many home runs he will hit in September."

The mere existence of these jet-age firemen might discourage an attacker because of the tremendous cost of running our defense gauntlet.

THE HIGH, PIERCING ROAR of the jets has been the source of complaints and the cause for sleepless nights for many citizens living nearby. Civilian neighbors often consider the fly-boys and their games both danger and nuisance.

What the neighbors don't appreciate is that airmen don't enjoy the noise of jets any more than civilians.

But lately, the hue and cry has subsided. "I guess they got used to it," one airman says. Also, the air force has done its best to keep flying over populated areas to a minimum. A certain attitude of mutual respect now has grown up between the suburbanites and the airmen.

But while the problem subsided, another one took its place. Chicago's Midway airport is now the busiest in the world, and city officials have termed the traffic situation there "dangerous." The last week in October a part of Midway's commercial airline traffic was transferred to O'Hare. By year's end ten per cent of Midway's business will have moved to O'Hare. Next year at this time the figure will probably be 30 per cent. The airlines are partly unhappy about the move. Jets have take-off priority because of the urgency of their business and their rapid rate of fuel consumption on the ground. The air force realizes the problem, and knows that eventually it will have to pull out of O'Hare. Congress has been asked to appropriate $15 million for a base near Kansasville, Wisconsin, to facilitate the move, but no land has been bought.

The man in the middle of all this is the jet pilot — a new variety of intelligent and highly trained individual — who holds down a job, alternately the world's most boring and the most hair-raising. Most jet pilots are young—in their middle 20s. Few had planned a military career at the outbreak of the Korean War. Many have since changed their minds.

To train a jet pilot costs about $75,000, not including the many hours of post-graduate training he needs for night and weather flying, navigation and gunnery. The job calls for a fantastic amount of mental and physical coordination. Once these pilots and their ground crewmen (it takes 30 men on the ground to support one jet, at an average training cost of $15,000 each) are proficient, it's hard to keep them in the service. Their pay is relatively poor, their hours irregular, the hazards great. Service life is transient and a new military saying puts it: "Three moves and you're bankrupt."

Yet many pilots choose to stay. One lieutenant, whose tour was up last August, tells why: "We could be in a war tomorrow, and I'd be right back where I am today."

THERE'S A SPRINKLING of experience to season the youth in the squadron. Capt. Dayton Ragland, for example, spent 21 months in a Red Chinese prison camp during the Korean war. He and his wing-man were jumped by four MIGs in North Korea two years ago. Ragland got one, but his jet was crippled in the fight. He bailed out at 28,000 feet and "they were waiting for me when I got down."

Ragland is a flight leader with the 62nd now. One of the seven pilots in his charge is 1st Lt. Herb Phelps of Waterloo, Iowa, an English student before he joined the air force four years ago. "You don't realize what a different language you speak," says Phelps, "what a different life you lead, until you start explaining your job to civilians."

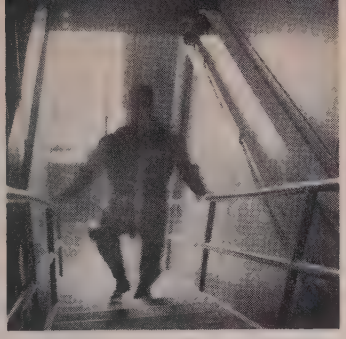
Phelps' day starts at 8 a.m. when he attends a briefing in a large auditorium on the ground floor of a two-story frame building on the edge of O'Hare's flight line. Weather, late intelligence reports, and general announcements are made during this hour-long session. Then the pilots take up their non-flying jobs, handling squadron paperwork and overseeing maintenance activities. Or they pick up necessary flying time.

Down the hall from the briefing room, a big "Restricted" sign hangs on a door. Inside, an airman, clad in shapeless green fatigues, a .45 calibre pistol hanging from his waist, sits before a maze of telephones and communications equipment. An alert notice, when it comes, comes to him. He quickly relays it simply by pushing a big red button, setting off the alert horn half a mile away.

Every day and night of the year, four pilots and their ground crews sit around and wait for the sound of that green claxon horn, placed on the stairway between the first and second floors of a hangar at the southeast end of the field, and facing a newly extended runway designed especially for the jets.

"When that horn goes off it means we've got five minutes to be airborne."

dnight. Pilots Phelps,
Deusen and
hief Stonebraker,
g, nerve-bending wait.



12:30 a.m. The horn (upper right) goes off, and the pilots take the stairs five at a time . . .

12:30.5. and on a dead run each heads for hangar, where his jet is waiting in readiness.

12:30.7. Into the cockpit, with 22 dials and 54 switches to be checked and adjusted in seconds.

12:33. (Above left) Chokes away, APU out . . . ready to roll.

12:33.30. (Above right) Canopy closes; nose high, jet moves from hangar.

12:34. (Left) Taxi lights trace a steady beam down runway as takeoff roll begins.

12.40 (Below) The jet patrol swings high over the night skies of the metropolis.

photographs by the auth

design: Joe Phela

Pilot Phelps in jet-age gear.

Herb Phelps explains, "and we never know what's up there until we get there." Two pilots on five-minute alert spend their nerve-bending 24-hour tour in flying suits and yellow Mae West vests. Two other pilots, on 15-minute call, can take off their shoes and doze in the bunk-room off the pilot's lounge.

Maintenance crews wait below in another lounge. They're a few feet closer to the waiting jets so they can prime the engines and lift the doors when the horn sounds. Two stalls, on each side of the crew lounge, house the airplanes. They gleam dramatically in the eerie red light from the ceiling.

Propped atop the canopy of each aircraft is a shiny, black "hard-hat," working helmet of the pilot. Fastened to the helmet is a frog-green oxygen mask, its air hose already attached to the oxygen system inside the cockpit. On the seat is a parachute, its harness draped across the back-rest, ready to be clamped on.

OUTSIDE, THE only sound is the soft tread of an armed guard as he walks his post past the freshly painted words on a blast shield: RESTRICTED AREA — ALL AIRCRAFT LOADED WITH ROCKETS.

"We wear about $500 worth of Uncle Sam's equipment," Lt. Jim VanDeusen reports. He is Phelps' associate on five-minute alerts as well as the squadron's personal equipment officer. A handsome, sandy-haired 24-year-old from Monterey, California, VanDeusen explains the load of equipment each pilot has to wear:

"Each of us gets a couple of anti-G suits, lined with rubber bladders to keep the blood from rushing from one end of the body to the other when we pull violent maneuvers. They're so uncomfortable that nobody wears them.

"Then there's the summer flying suit like I'm wearing, the life preserver, PI helmet (hard-hat), visor, oxygen mask, bail-out bottle, parachute . . ." As he recites them, he ticks the items off on his fingers. "The bail-out bottle is attached right to the parachute. If you have to jump at 40,000 feet you're going to want to breathe some air on the way down, and at eight miles up there's not much to breathe. So we just carry our oxygen supply with us. The automatic release is also part of the parachute. It operates on barometric pressure and opens the 'chute when you're close enough to get air and not too close for a hard landing."

In the last year a couple of O'Hare pilots have been forced to bail out of their stricken jets over the middle of Lake Michigan. For such instances there's also a life-raft in the jet pilot's kitbag. "It's a one-man job that blows up with a little CO_2 bottle. We sit on it when we're flying. In that pack is a paddle, mirror (for signaling), sea-marker dye and shark repellent. You don't need the anti-shark stuff in Lake Michigan, though," he adds.

Across the room another lieutenant, Harmon Dungan, a soft-spoken Tennessean, unwraps waxed paper from around a sandwich. The conversation which has moved from flying talk to families, comes around to Dungan's regular day-time job: setting up the recall system that will bring every pilot and GI back to the base in the shortest time in case of an all-out emergency. In the air defense business you're either on alert and right in the hangar, or on momentary call, and have to leave word where you can be reached if you leave home.

For the air force people at O'Hare, this presents both an operational and a morale problem. The base is listed as "temporary" by the air force, and thus has no family housing units. Only a few key officers, like the group commander, live at O'Hare. Bachelor airmen and officers live in barracks across the highway from the field. But most of the pilots are married, nearly all have at least one child. These families are scattered all over the Chicago area. For the most part they must rent, because they don't ever know how long they will be in one place. How an enlisted man with a wife, and perhaps a child, manages when half of his monthly pay check goes for housing, is a mystery to even his leaders. "It's easy if you like soup and sandwiches toward the end of the month," one airman explains. Perhaps this contributes to the low reenlistment rate the air force suffers. After a couple of years of not being able to make ends meet, the airman gets out and takes a job at twice or three times his air force pay based on his service training.

It's hard to keep the personnel happy; and doubly hard for housing reasons alone. But as Dungan reports, "We've tried alerting everybody a couple of times during big air defense exercises. It's never taken more than an hour to get them all here." Pretty good when you consider that the 501st's membership is strung out all the way from Gary to Round Lake.

Both VanDeusen and Dungan are married men. VanDeusen has a boy four years old. How do alert duty and middle-of-the-night calls affect a family? "You get used to it," VanDeusen admits. "My wife understands. After all it's my job. Sitting on five-minute alert is the most nerve-wracking. You never really get used to that horn. It gives you the clanks."

That horn represents the watchfulness of a lot of people. Some 115,000 military personnel and 400,000 volunteers are assigned to continental air defense. An average of 30,000 planes take off from United States airfields each day; and an additional 600 arrive from foreign fields. When an airplane comes within 150 miles of Chicago, a check is made of the known schedules of military and commercial planes and the flight plans of private aircraft. If it can't be accounted for, the plane is automatically considered a "bogie."

The airmen in the controller's shack at Lake Geneva and at other radar sites in Michigan and Indiana pick up the plane on radar. If it isn't identified within a minute, they declare an alert action: a phone call to the command post at O'Hare.

THE ONLY SOUND in the pilot's lounge is of TV which Phelps watches idly. Dungan and his compatriot on 15-minute have gone to sleep in the next room. VanDeusen reads a paper-back novel about jet pilots in Korea and occasionally snickers out loud. In the corner, Spike, the squadron's English bulldog mascot, worn out from trying to crawl on a soft, easy chair (which is off-limits to him), snoozes peacefully. He wears a miniature crew-chief's hat which all but covers the top of his head, and his immense jowls spill out underneath the visor.

Then "Bzzzzzzz Yaaaaaah. Bzzzzzzz Yaaaaaaah." The ear splitting sound vibrates the soles of the men's shoes. Two blasts. Two aircraft.

Spike breaks from his sleep and heads for the stairs, scrambling down in front of the long-legged pilots who take the steps five at a time. At the bottom, Phelps turns right, VanDeusen left, both on a dead run.

Their ground crews are already at work. As Phelps boosts himself into the cockpit, another sound drowns out the echo of the horn. It's the high whine of the auxiliary power unit, a little yellow cart drawn up beside the jet to start its engine. As hangar doors swing up, Staff Sergeant Cecil Stonebraker, crew-chief, helps buckle Phelps into a parachute.

Facing the pilot in his cramped

ckpit are 22 dials and 54 switches, of which have to be read, noted d adjusted in the next few seconds. aster switch on . . . fuel switch . . . nergency. He checks the voltmeter the right, then glances at the fuel essure gauge as he maneuvers the rottle to get 45 pounds pressure. ne cockpit shakes, then eases into steady vibration as the jet engine arts up. The jet roars.

Phelps reaches for his helmet and ills it over his head, snapping the xygen mask into place in one gesture. or a moment it's quiet inside the elmet. Until the radio cuts in. Then helps calls: "O'Hare Tower, Darkorse Red. Scramble two."

He looks over the side of the cockt to check the crew-chief's hand gnals. Stonebraker has pulled the ocks from the wheels and the APU out. The pilot starts to lower the nopy as the headphones explode. It's e tower: "Ahhroger red, scramble uree-two, winds northwest at ten, timeter thuree zero wun two."

The jet, its black radar-loaded nose rned up haughtily, starts to move om the hangar. More checks: throttle ack . . . fuel switch normal . . . flaps own . . . dive flaps in . . . oxygen 00 per cent. The rush of oxygen into s lungs feels clean, and Phelps is eshly awake. The taxi light traces steady beam down the ramp behind anDeusen who already has started s taxi.

More checks: radios all on . . . dar on . . . ejection seat pins out. he radio announces: "Darkhorse Red, eared on vector thuree-fi-yuv-zero, imb angels 22, contact Suntan conol on channel ten; clear for takeoff."

Phelps pushes the throttle forward, e-checks his temperature, pressures, uel, RPM, emergency system. Then e turns on the after-burner for added ower in takeoff and an explosive ar rolls across the field, its noise tensified by the humid night.

Burrroomph! "Red rolling," says helps as the sudden surge of power attens his nose wheel, the tail kicks p and the jet rushes down the runay, rolling, rolling, then finally lifts nto the sky in a seemingly effortless rc of orange fire. In less than five inutes, nine tons of metal and elecronics, 5,000 pounds of fuel and a ellyful of rockets are airborne. In nother twelve minutes Phelps will e six miles up.

"Suntan Control," Phelps calls, This is Darkhorse Red, airborne, ectoring thuree-five-zero, passing hrough angels five to 22. Request ower."

"Ahhroger, Darkhorse Red," anwers the airman at Lake Geneva, and dds the hurry-up signal, "Go gate." nd the chase is on. ▬

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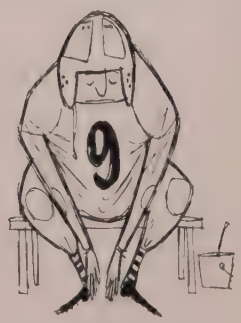
As We Were

75 YEARS AGO. Diphtheria, the most dreaded disease of the period, caused 80 of the 699 deaths in the city in December, 1880 . . . **Sioux Indian Chiefs** Blue Coat, Little No-Heart, White Swan, Four Bear and Rattling Rib stopped at the Grand Pacific hotel en route to Washington for negotiations on extension of the Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad thru their lands. The tribal leaders spent an evening watching a performance of Mark Twain's comedy, "Col. Sellers," at Hooley's theater . . . The public library board pondered the problem of getting **tramps and loafers** out of the reading room without sweeping legitimate customers along or, failing that, of improving the ventilation.

50 YEARS AGO. In December, 1905, Johan Kosciusko, a bricklayer in Gnesen, German Poland, laid claim to ownership of six square miles in the Loop and surrounding areas. He said the United States government had granted the land to his great-grandfather, Thaddeus, in gratitude for his aid to George Washington during the Revolutionary war . . . The Commercial National bank received a permit to construct the **18-story building** at the northeast corner of Clark and Adams now owned by Commonwealth Edison . . . Albert Corey, a French endurance runner, **jogged here from Milwaukee** in 23 hours and 12 minutes, altho he got lost in Kenosha and ran around in circles for three hours.



25 YEARS AGO. Symptoms of the depression were everywhere in December, 1930. The grand champion steer from the International Live Stock exposition was sold for $2.50 a pound, $5.75 less than his counterpart of the previous year . . . The Baltimore & Ohio railroad, as the sole bidder, **bought the Chicago & Alton** for $23 million at a public auction held on the platform of the depot in Wilmington. That site was chosen for the sale because it was the closest station to Chicago wholly owned by the Alton . . . Loyola university announced that it was **discontinuing intercollegiate football** because the game was becoming commercialized and attracting more attention than it deserved.

illustrated by Seymour Rosofsky

Now wait a minute,' Satan said
"Let's talk this over."

HEAVENBOUND

by Robert Elliott

In my once-upon-a-time days, when all time was now and the world existed to make my life pleasant, heaven and the angels were very real and very close to me, the devil lived across the street, and God was a member of the family.

I don't remember too much about the world I lived in then, except that these things were so and that everything began to change the night my grandmother took me to the Heavenbound.

The Heavenbound was one of three big events in the year at our church. The others were the oratorios, the *Messiah* at Christmas and the *Holy City* at Easter. Heavenbound came at some indefinite date in the late spring or early summer.

To my grandmother it was the greatest of the three, the most brimstone of the all-too-few Baptist rites. The others were shared with other denominations, but the Heavenbound was strict Baptist property.

We ate supper early that evening because my two aunts and my uncle had to hurry to the church. After supper Grandma bathed and dressed me because she never trusted me to do those things when it was important that they be done right. After seeing that I was taken care of, she got herself ready while I waited on the front porch, too excited to sit down and filled with the sense that something wonderful was about to happen.

I CAN'T RECALL that particular walk to the church, but I am sure it must have been just like others Grandma and I made to Sunday services or Wednesday prayer meetings on a late spring or summer evening in that time of small pleasures, each like the others in a succession that began before my memory of them and ended before their worth was known.

I can see us, hand in hand, stopping now and then to talk to neighbors on their porches, going slow between stops and not talking, happy just being together, each of us the most important person in the other's life, coming at last to the church and mingling with the crowd that waited outside, everyone excited and dressed like Sunday for the Heavenbound. Half the members of the church were related to us by blood or marriage.

the other half to somebody related to us.

My great-grandfather had been pastor of the church for 32 years. He built it from a store front to the two-story red brick building which stands today to mock the cloud-wreathed temple of my memory and the child's imagination which took the cornerstone literally, conjured up visions of the old man raising the temple stone by stone. He must have been very near God to do that.

There was a photograph of great-grandfather over the entrance to the church auditorium. I used to look up at the stern-whiskered, hard-eyed mask of a face and imagine God was smiling at me from behind it. I was a long time getting over the shock and the feeling of irretrievable loss which came over me when, many years after the Heavenbound, I discovered some people thought God was white.

Uncle John came up the aisle to meet us as we entered the auditorium. He took my grandmother by the arm and led us to the family pew, just behind the deacons and deaconesses, who, in the days of my irreverence, I came to call the shouting section. Grandma let me sit on the aisle so I'd have a good view of all that was about to happen.

Some blue cardboard flats with puffy white clouds painted on them had transformed the pulpit and the choir loft into Heaven. Below the loft and directly in front of the pulpit a wreathed trellis represented the Pearly Gates.

OFF TO ONE side, where there should have been nothing but the stairwell leading downstairs, there was a red shelter covering the exit, and a flickering red light came from inside it. I knew what it was without Grandma telling me, and as I stared at it, Hell became much more real than Heaven had ever been, though I knew Heaven was a nicer place.

I was still staring into Hell when a shout went up at the back of the church. I turned around to see a choir of white-robed, winged and haloed angels, archangels and cherubim marching down the aisle, singing as if they were about to leap out of themselves. The archangels and the angels marched up into Heaven while the cherubs kept marching around in a circle in front of the Pearly Gates, all of them so full of the joy and the spirit that the music seemed to come out in spite of them.

My youngest aunt, Aunt Patti, was one of the cherubim. She strutted around as if she'd lived in Heaven all her life, singing as loud as any of them except one little black woman with a contralto voice that was darker than she was and who never could find the right note.

While they were still singing, another angel with a great long beard came down the aisle carrying a huge book under one arm. My grandmother whispered that he was St. Peter, but he looked like Deacon Tolliver to me.

When St. Peter got to his place beside the Pearly Gates, an archangel with a trumpet in his hand came out of what used to be the pastor's study. He stood beside the pulpit and raised his hand.

"Make way," Gabriel shouted. "Make way for the Holy of Holies, the Lord of Lords and the King of Kings. Make way for the Great Lord God Jehovah!"

THE WHOLE CHURCH broke into the loudest shouting and clapping I'd ever heard, and all the archangels and the angels and the cherubim started singing their heads off — "Rise, Shine and Give God the Glory" — and everybody in the congregation jumped to his feet and joined in. It was really a disappointment when Mr. Billy Jessup came out of the pastor's study.

Mr. Billy Jessup was a nice enough man and he had a good baritone voice, but he didn't look at all like the picture of my grandfather. Mr. Billy Jessup didn't even have whiskers. He walked over to the pulpit and Gabriel raised his hand again. The singing stopped. Mr. Billy Jessup bowed in every direction.

"Have you got good religion?"

All the angels and the archangels and the cherubim answered. "Certainly, Lord."

"Have you got good religion?"

"Certainly, Lord."

"Have you got good religion?"

"Certainly, Lord. Certainly, certainly, certainly, Lord."

Then he asked if they'd been to the water and had they been baptized. After the last "certainly, Lord," Mr. Billy Jessup was satisfied and he told St. Peter to call the roll.

St. Peter had just opened his book when the Devil jumped out of Hell and grabbed one of the little cherubs. Everyone started screaming and yelling. Mr. Billy Jessup calmly raised his hand and pointed at the Devil.

"Satan, get you gone," he said.

The Devil let go of the cherub, but he didn't get gone.

"Now wait a minute," Satan said. "Let's talk this thing over."

Satan sounded just like Mrs. Jackson who lived across the street. I knew he couldn't be because Mrs. Jackson was nice. She always gave me candy and cookies. Once she even rescued me when I got my leg caught in her crab apple tree. She was very good about it and fixed up the scratches on my leg. She acted as if she didn't know I was stealing her crab apples. Yet the Devil sounded very much like her.

"You know this isn't fair," the Devil said. "Look at all you got and look at all the trash you send down to me. You know it isn't fair. After all, what's one little cherub?"

Mr. Billy Jessup raised his hand again. But the Devil took off up the aisle and started asking people if they didn't think he was right, and how after all he was entitled to something and they must give him his due; it was only right. Then he started asking people to come and side with him.

He saw me and came at me with his pitchfork. There was a big smile on his face.

The Devil even had that disease Mrs. Jackson had. It made his skin change colors. When he got close and put his face close to mine, all the colors started running.

He grabbed my arm. "You'll come down to Hell with me, won't you?"

I pulled away and buried my face in Grandma's lap. I think I screamed because I heard everybody laugh. When I looked up the Devil was gone.

St. Peter started calling names from his big book. A woman came down the aisle singing "When I've Done the Best I Can." When she got by the Pearly Gates the Devil jumped out of Hell and came toward her, but she didn't pay any attention to him and St. Peter let her thru the Gates and into Heaven.

All the angels and archangels gathered around to pin wings and a halo on her and she took her place among them.

NEXT CAME a pair of drunks. Halfway down the aisle they pulled out a bottle and took a nip from it. Satan came running at them and they let out a yell and ran all the way to the back of the church. They took another nip and crept back down the aisle again, with Satan backing away in front of them with his pitchfork in one hand and that grin on his face.

When they got to the Pearly Gates, St. Peter wouldn't let them by. He motioned to Satan to come on and take them, and the Devil took his pitchfork and jabbed them into Hell. They yelled something awful when the flames got them.

The next person to come down the aisle was a girl in my Sunday school class. I can't remember her name, but I remember that I didn't like her. She came down the aisle singing "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam." I was hoping the Devil would take her, but she became a cherub.

Next came some crap shooters and here was never any doubt where hey were going. But all told the Devil didn't do too well. What he got were mostly drunks and liars and hieves.

They didn't do it right. If they'd come down the aisle singing a good trong hymn like everybody else and paid no attention to Satan, they ould've gotten by easy.

Miss Hazel Joyner came down the isle barefoot, singing "I Am a Poor Pilgrim of Sorrow." Everybody clapped so loud they just had to let ner in Heaven.

The Devil jumped out and tried o tempt her, but he couldn't get nywhere. Those hymns beat him very time. That's why I wasn't worried when my Aunt Ella came down he aisle.

Aunt Ella was singing "I Shall Not Be Moved." Her head was high and ner hands were clasped over her breast and she walked as if Heaven were hers already. Satan came at her, ut she shrugged, looked down her ose at him and moved right up to ne Pearly Gates. But St. Peter couldn't let her in.

"But you've got to let me in," Aunt lla said.

St. Peter shook his head and waved to Satan to come and take her.

"There must be some mistake."

Satan crept close to her.

"We don't make no mistakes," St. Peter said. "You been a liar and a hypocrite."

"No, no," Aunt Ella cried. "I've been a good Christian woman. I've always tried to be good and help everybody. Lord knows I've tried to be good!"

Satan grabbed her arm and Aunt Ella fell to her knees, grabbing St. Peter's robe and begging him to let her in. He pushed her away and turned his back on her.

I jumped to my feet. "You let Aunt Ella in Heaven," I cried. I felt my grandmother's hand brush my back as I started down the aisle. "You let her in."

Satan whirled around and pointed his pitchfork at me. Everybody laughed.

"Do you want to come with me, too?"

"You let my Aunt Ella in Heaven."

Aunt Ella was on her feet and waving for me to go back.

"Let her in!" I cried.

Someone lifted me from behind. I began fighting and screaming and people were laughing at me. I heard Aunt Ella crying again. I was being carried up the aisle and away from her. Thru my tears I saw Satan jabbing his pitchfork at Aunt Ella. The last thing I remember is burying my head against Uncle John's chest, trying to block out the shattering sound of her screams as the flames got her.

I don't know how we got home. I remember I had a nightmare that night. I was in Hell and Mrs. Jackson was chasing me and I was looking for Aunt Ella. I called her name.

I woke up and Aunt Ella had me in her arms. She was laughing, but she held me very tight, and finally I went back to sleep. In the morning she was still holding me there, tighter and closer than she ever had before. Tighter and closer than she has held me since.

But she was too late to block out the evil that came into my world at the Heavenbound and proceeded to confuse me with its million friendly forms.

My world and I have changed a lot since then. The picture over the church entrance has disappeared. It was gone long before I missed it and remembered that timeless once-upon-a-time when evil walked the earth in the shape of a man and God watched over me thru the image of my great-grandfather. ▬

Holiday Street

An early Christmas shopping tour down
an imaginary avenue of real store

Street corners are where rumors are started, and the rumors going up and down Holiday Street are that a note of elegance and formality makes Christmas shopping this season a bit more lavish than in seasons past; that foreign beach-heads have been established on State street with import fairs and shops all over and overseas luxuries spilling off every other counter on Michigan boulevard and the Near North Side. The kids, too, are well regarded on Holiday Street, even if they're neither lavish nor foreign. So a few home-spun shopkeepers, rising about the tide of European luxury — or riding with it — have assembled various gewgaws calculated to amuse the native whelp. What substance there is, in the rumors that run along Holiday Street, will emerge from the pages that follow.

Advertisement

NORTH OF THE BRIDGE

Minus even the aid of a pari-mutuel tote board, such items as purple parakeets, cotton plaid linings, pink foxes and broadtails, charcoal cashmere and chartreuse bird cages add up to a multicolored opportunity for those who explore the odds in favor of shopping North of the Bridge. Temptation, unlimited, awaits the he or she seeking the uniquely unusual in gifts for his or hers.

Close your eyes, take a deep breath and snap a mental picture — in Kodachrome, of course — of a carmel beaver coat with a Russian sable collar. Keep the subject in focus as it's modeled by a charming blonde who'll do an encore appearance, but in a pink broadtailed jacket trimmed with pink fox. The mental picture comes to life and motion for those who enter the fur salon of *Louis H. Berman*, 549 north Michigan.

Watch the awed look of disbelief in the eyes of a man who feels, for the first time, the softness and texture of a cashmere jacket. Genuine cashmere comes only from goats, and only those goats who come from the province of Kashmir, in India, or from Tibet. The goats don't actually come from there — they stay there — but their luxurious cashmere wool often winds up in Connecticut, where it's masterfully fashioned into the best answer yet to a man's need for comfort, style, lightness and warmth — a cashmere jacket. The jacket, after being lined with exquisite tie silk from Spain or the Orient, arrives at the top-tone haberdashery of *Stephen Brody, Inc.*, 51 east Walton, but it doesn't stay there long. Invariably, some lady or other, anxious to present the love of her life with the gift of his life, walks off with it.

The difference between a pedigreed parakeet and a cull is about $14.02, if you figure exclusively in dollars and cents. Culls that flood the market at 98c and up are usually the result of inbreeding in carload lots in Mexico. Pedigreed birds get their tenderly-nurtured start under the experienced care of such experts as John R. Vail, of *Vail and Jack's Studio*, 59 east Oak. As rare and attractive as the brightly-feathered thoroughbreds he raises are the homes he creates for them — unique cages with built-in features that are irresistible to a parakeet with a yen for living it up. Your parakeet will say "Thank you!" in 17 languages, including Polynesian, when you sparkle up his Christmas with a new cage from Vail and Jack's.

What's a mere Chicago winter to a man whose mate has discovered the new *Beacon's Ivy Shop* at 608 north Michigan? Once she's there, it takes no sales talk to convince her that the frostiest blasts from the lake will be but April zephyrs to the man togged out in a British Walker utility coat. Knee-length and water resistant, lined with colorful cotton plaid and made forever comfortable with side vents, these coats represent the fullest measure of practicality, style and warmth.

Holiday Street • shopping for fashions

For both men and women — family and friends — accessories are fun this season.

Scarves are standard can't-go-wrong gifts. Saks has a group from France with touches of brocade or chiffon velvet. Also here are tulle stoles, yards wide. Kremer's, in the Palmer house, has mantillas, from Spain, of course, in traditional black and white laces and, especially for Americans, a new multicolored lace. For men, Saks has a double import in the form of a reversible scarf, one side cashmere from Scotland, the other side a silk print from Italy. $12.50

Blums-Vogue has an exclusive new scent this shopping season. "Fragond Zizanie" comes in an 8-ounce bottle and is $8.25. To go with is a French, cut crystal atomizer in the shape of a tiny sprinkling can, $12.

If you know a gentleman well enough to make a reasonable guess as to how big he is around the middle, you know him well enough to present a belt. At Field's Store for Men they can be found in Spanish leather, one piece, unstitched and masculine-simple, at $6.50. In a newly designed line at Saks, the belts have two side rings done in bright fictitious gold. These are in calf, pigskin, alligator, ostrich, and many colors, from $12.50 to $19.50.

For ladies again, Martha Weathered has a waist-reaching knit stocking cap in red and green. A casual bargain is the $8.95 Italian handbag in natural saddle leather. This at Field's. Blums-Vogue has a collection of elegant beaded French bags — some in white, some in black, others draped with suede. Prices begin at $66.

IN THE FASHION FIELD are a host of personal-type gifts that should be considered. Ladies first, Bonwit Teller has a luxury coat in leather. A three-quarter length with push-up sleeves, the coat has deep, wide flapped pockets, a big belt and buckle, and comes in a warm pecan shade, as well as 16 other colors. It is $135. For the junior lady, Bonwit's combines a satin piped "V" necked jersey blouse with a bright Scotch plaid pleated skirt. The skirt is in red or royal plaid at $22.95 and the blouse in go-with colors at $7.95. Sizes are from 7 to 15 in both. Again in junior sizes and at Bonwit's is a Lawrence of London cotton twill raincoat. The coat has straight lines and heavy wool knit ribbing at the collar and cuffs. A drawstring makes the collar convertible, to wear either wing style or turtled. A helmet matches the coat, which comes in many colors from $45.

Kremer's has simple squaw dresses, without braid or trim, in metallic embossed cotton for $15.

At Saks is a full collection of furred and decorated cashmere sweaters by Isabel. One is black with a sailor collar of white ermine and ranch mink at $210. Another is palomino with a full shawl collar of sable at $175. Others with fox collars dyed to match are $125. Still another group, this one with ribbon and velvet detail, starts at $75.

The black toreador trousers at Bonwit's tell stories up one side and down the other in bright felt appliques, i.e. "The Moth and Flame" and "The Tortoise and the Hare." They are about $25. At the same place are knit dresses from both Italy and France, these being heavier and more tightly knit than most.

THERE ARE SEVERAL stores that open for-men-only shops at Christmas time. Each culls for these sections the cream of its holiday stock in order to please not only the women who receive but the men who buy. At Bonwit Teller it's the "721 Club," first floor. Bramson's has, on the first floor, a "For Men Only" department. "For Men Only" is also on the sixth floor at Carson's. At Field's, on the second floor, it's "The Stag Line." Saks has personalized service consultants (only for men), and on the second floor at Charles A. Stevens is "The Backstage Shop."

And for men only, gifts are abundant and imaginative. Immediately one thinks of Brooks Brothers. A variation on the easily identified shirt comes in stripes, and not only for the holidays. In all colors, but especially pink and white, the shirts are $6. Here, too, can be found a shawl collared "at home" jacket, in grape green or navy with deeper grosgrain lapels and braid at $85. Another shawl collar has been put on a short overcoat, water and snow repellent with a red woolen lining, at $37.50.

Another variation, this one at Field's store for men, is on the Scottish argyle. The new socks, a hundred per cent wool and $5, have a pane design only.

Blums-Vogue has ties from France, many knits, many patterned silks, beginning at a mild $6.50. Also here, for the bachelor apartment, is a pigskin cigarette box shaped like a Gladstone bag.

There are fine wool jersey knit shirts at Saks. They are from England and the number to choose from seems limitless. Short sleeves are $12.50, long sleeves, $13.50, in nearly all the masculine colors. An imported alpaca sport shirt here has a tweedy look resulting from a soft boucle knit—with the collar and shoulders of gabardine. In several color combinations for $37.50.

Field's store for men has some fish-net shirts that Scandinavian fishermen invented as underwear (something about the open hand-knit cotton being good insulation against the cold), but that sophisticated American men are wearing as golf or "T" shirts. They're $3.95, and the color is obviously not important.

Movie star luxurious are the shirts at Field's Men's Import Bazaar (second floor of the men's store) designed by France's Pierre Cardin. One is a pleated Italian silk day shirt, beautifully tailored for $18.95. Another, this for formal wear, is a double breasted pique at $27.50.

JEWELRY, CAREFULLY CHOSEN, can't be beat. Diamonds are always appreciated, for example. Trabert and Hoeffer has put diamonds on stylized burnished crystal leaves. The effect is modern and rich and there's a choice of diamonds or ruby highlights, in pins (from $135) or earclips ($117).

From Germany, via Field's, comes a rather ingenious necklace. Four strands of pearls on an almost invisible nylon thread give the pearls a kind of floating appearance. Easily priced, they are $6. To go with are matching earclips that drop rather than float, $3.

There's Arabesque jewelry from Spain at the Drake Watch shop. Reproductions of Moorish work, gold wire on iron, ornate and antique looking, come in earrings, scatter pins, bracelets and necklaces from $1.50 up. At the same shop, but for men, are sterling cuff links to match professions, each with a symbol, individually designed, from $10 to $25.

Bramson's has "belong" cufflinks, also, but these have car designs like Thunderbirds and Cadillacs, at $8.

Mostly for fun, at Bramson's and for women, are, first, a three-inch jewelled flashlight with lots of stones and silver filigree, $5, and, second, a jewelled stapler, also three inches, with pearls, gold leaves and an extra

FOLLOW THE PATTERN OF TODAY'S GOOD TASTE

For unique and unusual, imported and domestic gifts Handmade Shirts Shoes Ties Handbags Belts Jewelry Baskets Toys Lamps Crystal China Porcelain Pewter Stainless Steel Cutlery Furniture and Accessories

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And there is actually, at Kremer's, a fur-covered cigaret lighter for $5.50 plus tax.

A GROUP OF NORTH SIDE shops is host to a special and stylized shopping spree the first week end in December. They call it "The Christmas Walk," and customers go from shop to shop in the neighborhood to consider the wide variety of art merchandise on display.

Participating stores and studios are Frank Ryan Contemporary Furnishings, 1653 north Wells, where imported and domestic accessories, paintings and drawings can be found; Bunni Sovetski, 1718 north Wells, who has sculpture; Richard S. Bernes, 1628 north Wells, with books, including many out of print volumes, particularly in the humanities; Sedgwick Loft studio, 1642 Sedgwick, where Erling and Ester Kjelland show enamel-on-copper jewelry and other handmade gifts; the Sheridan house, 1700 north Wells, with all originals, including custom lamps and shades; Gunther Aron, 1642 North Park, showing silver and copper jewelry, as well as wall sculpture, and June and Ralph Holmes, 1805 Orleans, who have jewelry, paintings and hand decorated Christmas ornaments.

Those who take the "walk" will find an informal open house in progress, with refreshments. December 2 and 3, 4 p.m. to midnight; December 4, 1 to 6 p.m.

• • •

There's a generous selection of toys, and various gifts that can be palmed off on the unsuspecting young, on shop counters all over town. The following suggestions all fall within a price range from 39 cents to $395, and are a modest indication of the wealth of possibilities in an afternoon of shopping.

Pot-Bangers, Push-Pullers and Block Busters

Age 8 months to 3 years

Unless you carry in your pocket current statistics on weight, height and age, clothes for the play-pen age can be a difficult gift choice. The problem can be evaded by treating the very young child to a baby thumper ($1), a not very large tiger ($3.95) or, in the $10 bracket, a shoefly rocker. The baby thumper is an "educational" toy with which baby can beat the daylights out of his play pen. There's a small handle for the smallest hand and the business end looks like a little punching-bag on a spring, with jingle bells for added sound effect. Field's has them.

Most smart babies, however, soon graduate to some kind of seat with motion. One of the nicest is a new chair with rockers offered by Miller's Toy Shoppe, 677 north Michigan. It not only rocks, but springs up and down. Sturdily built of maple, the shoefly rocker will take a small one thru at least two years of building leg muscles.

A medium-size soft tiger or a hand-size striped gray kitty, small enough to be comforting in a dark bed, would be nice for ages 1 to 2. These can be found for about $3.95 in Field's huge menagerie of stuffed animals imported from Germany by Steiff.

There's a time in the life of many a man when he can happily occupy himself dropping clothespins into milk bottles. It's usually the age between 1 and 2. Carson's displays the "fill and dump," a flexible plastic milk bottle full of gaily painted colored clothespins. It's a good second year toy at $1.25.

FOR THE PRE-SCHOOLER, you might consider one of these: Pla-Form's fine red engine with three cars beautifully crafted from wood with polished wax finish. And the wheels will never come off. It's sold by Main Street Book Store for $5. The Pla-Skool firm, that makes solid instructive toys, has two new items this year, the "Take Apart Truck" and the "Lock-Up Garage." The truck is loaded with blocks, can be sat upon and be taken apart by means of big wooden screws with matching screw driver. Mandel Brothers has these for $8.95. "Truck of the Year" at Miller's Toy Shoppe is a fine orange and green heavy duty job that really dumps by "hydraulic" power. The $6.95 price is right for its heft, size, and heavy rubber wheels.

Then there are the funny little toys that aren't meant to live forever. Not new, but fun are Buzzy Bee, who buzzes while he whirls his golden wings, and Kris Kricket, who "kricketts" and hops. These are 60 cents and $1 at Mandel's.

Some very well made spinning tops imported from Germany by Carson's

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make lovely organ-toned music as they spin, and have the proper red and green metallic sheen. All for $1.98. Walgreen's hopes to keep in stock its little red fire engine from Germany. It's a friction toy — the kind you push and it goes. For 89 cents it has dinging bells, a wailing siren, and two firemen, one of whom waves his arm as the engine races madly by.

Doting grandmothers who have a new Christmas dress or suit on the list for the little ones, make note of these: Little red Heidi dresses at Field's Petite Boutique in sizes 2, 3, 4. They're made in Switzerland of fine poplin, with peasant trim of embroidered braid and minute rick rack — surprisingly priced at $8.95. Saks on Michigan avenue has adorable Little Boy Blue eton suits with two white buttons that hold up the hand knitted waistband of short pants. These, from Belgium, are priced "dotingly" at $17.95.

When They're Beginning to Be Human

Age 3 to 6

The age that can speak for itself is fairly easy to shop for. The Chicago stores seem to favor this age especially with glorious choices among take-'em-apart toys, big easy wooden puzzles, bigger, fuzzier stuffed animals, dolls and trains, books and records.

ALTHO THE MAGIC price tag of $4.98 seems to be a favorite among major Santa Claus gift items in all the stores, let's begin with a $70 item here and work down the scale. "Picturola," a children's three-speed phonograph, teaches musical rhythm in fascinating kaleidoscope "pictures." Rhythm sounds from the record player activate a light beam which passes thru an old-fashioned kaleidoscope and thence to what resembles a TV screen. It's magic! The screen dances with changing colored patterns to the beat of the music, somewhat in the manner of Walt Disney's "Fantasia." Adults are fascinated and yet a 4-year old could easily operate and love this record machine for years. Miller's Toy Shoppe has the Picturola exclusively in Chicago this Christmas. Anyone for $70?

Let's shop at Lyon and Healy. They have a small straight acoustic phonograph (no amplifier) with an electric turn-table one of whose chief features is its $9.95 price. It's a sturdy machine that will keep junior away from Dad's hi-fi needle. Six "Little Golden" records are included. Lyon and Healy's also launches a fine and appealing new collection of eight unbreakable rec-

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ords put out by Simon and Schuster — "The Child's Introduction to the Great Composers." There are 32 selections of familiar compositions from Bach to Bartok, recorded by Mitchell Miller — all for $3.95.

The Turbo Jet at Carson's is for 4- to 5-year-old boys — a flashing wind-up toy that whistles and then takes off with a terrible swoosh. It's $3.98. For $4.98 Carson's has something for little girls: Trixie, a sweet fluffy dog with a quizzical look and a black leather nose. Wind her up and she rolls over to the music box tune of "Happy Birthday."

Field's Petite Boutique has treasures of little imported things little girls would like in their stockings: a clock-shaped coin purse in real leather on a wrist band for $1.10, embroidered lacy collars from Switzerland at $1, leather gloves (miniatures of the kind mama wears) from Paris for $6.95.

ESPECIALLY FOR BOYS, Walgreen's has a huge stock of Lionel electric trains ($17.95). These have eight sections of .027 gauge track, a diesel switch engine plus four cars.

Books (for the 3 to 6 group):

"Junior the Spoiled Cat" points out the virtues of not being spoiled to the feet-stompers. Cartoonist Robert Kraus does a big easy picture book that lets a parent pause dramatically before turning each page. Oxford Press. $2.

"See and Say" is a picture book for parents who would educate their little people. The alphabet is done in four languages by Antonio Frasconi who has used Continental poster technique with fresh singing colors to illustrate the A to Z's. Most instructive and fun, the book sells for $3.

"Dancing on the Moon" by Fritz Eichenberg is dedicated to Albert Einstein "who liked children, animals and numbers." "Four pandas resting on verandas," "13 squirrels collecting pearls" and the other numerical ideas from 1 to 20 are whimsically illustrated in this big thin learning-to-count book. Harcourt Brace. $2.

The Doing Things Age

Age 6 to 9

They're always doing things, making things, learning new things from 1st thru 3rd grade. They're busier than squirrels stowing nuts in the fall. Accordingly, they want toys and games with action and skill. Take the best seller toy, the Duck Shoot, for instance. This well made gun shoots rubber darts very accurately at a revolving target of three full-scale ducks; $4.98 at Carson's. Little girls can really beat eggs and mix cookies in an electric mixer set that *really* works: priced at $5 at Miller's. Budding ballerinas would adore Saks' bright felt bags with space for leotard and slippers at $9.95.

At the ages of 6 to 7, toy soldiers begin to really come alive for the first time to imaginative minds, and this might be the time to begin a collection for them. Have you ever visited Vaughan's toy soldier shop on the sixth floor? This is the fabulous garrison of some 200 different nationalities of soldiers and armies in miniature. Manager Charles Mason believes it's the largest toy soldier shop in the country and probably the world. His customers range in age from 2 to 80 and his mostly imported stock includes about 5,000 pieces of soldiers, horses, their equipment and

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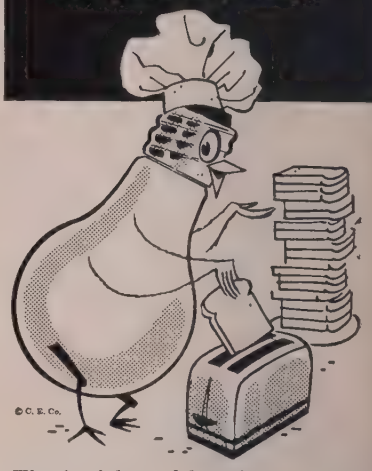

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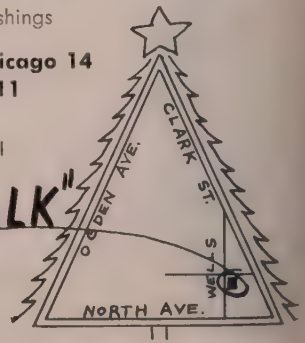

HOURS 10-8
WED. 10-6

battlefields. The individual pieces range from 10 cents to $5 for a replica of the King of England's state carriage with eight horses. Did you know that toy soldiers the world over are all made in the same scale?

GIRLS OF 7 AND 8 LOVE things that come in kits and sets. Well-made, practical make-your-own sets are hard to find, but "My Own Rock Garden" at Miller's for $3 is an exception. Comes complete with magic "soil" grass seed, bowl and props for a miniature farm scene.

This might be the "right" year for a much needed gift of a globe of the world. Horder's has a brand new type that's made of tough vinyl plastic — inflated. It's so light and easy to handle, turning well on a modernly designed stand. Printed with bright clear colors it has a fair price tag of $19.95.

And have you thought of a really "neat 'n sharp" jack-knife for a budding Boy Scout? Otto Pomper's fine cutlery shop has one of all carbon steel with a can opener, cap lifter, belt punch and screw driver for $1.98.

How about candy? Henrici's will mail order their famous little children's tins of marzipan fruit and vegetable candies and cookies anywhere for $2 to $3 a package. Fred Harvey's at the Union Station has Davy Crockett chocolate imported from Holland for 79 cents and a peppermint-striped log cabin filled with stick candy for 69 cents.

Not exactly a stocking-stuffer is the replica of a bright red Ford Thunderbird for the "man who has everything" to give to his son. It drives a racy six m.p.h. on a Ford starter motor with forward, neutral and reverse action. It costs $395 and Miller has one of them in his toy-shop window. White side wall tires are standard equipment on this sporty little number. And the parking problem is negligible.

Books

The "Illustrated Treasury of Children's Literature" has been touted as the juvenile book of the year (for adults to buy for juveniles and vice versa). There have been other anthologies of the childhood classics, but this is the first with reproduced illustrations from the originals (often in the original colors). Here you'll find Kate Greenaway, Tenniel and Cruikshank illustrations as well as faithful versions of every fairy story, poem, limerick, fable and nursery rhyme remembered by modern man. It's a thick encyclopedia of handsome quality put out by Grosset and Dunlap for $4.95.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

Big city living depends a lot on institutions, large and small, and one of the smaller institutions which has been developed to meet today's tempo is the businessman's lunch. There was a time when this phrase was likely to mean little more than food of modest price (and quality) served in a hurry in an average restaurant.

But there are plenty of businessmen — particularly in the upper-income brackets — whose taste for efficiency doesn't exclude other tastes, too. These are men who pride themselves on the fact that their businesses are run efficiently *and* deliver a quality product or service. They expect no less when they go out to lunch.

Anywhere in the downtown district, they don't have far to go to find restaurants whose point of pride is a menu prepared to please the man who — all the more because he has to fit his lunch-hour into a fully-scheduled day — wants it to be a pleasant experience. Prompt and neat serving is taken for granted in the places we have in mind, so that the chef is free to concentrate on that extra savor which makes a meal memorable.

The restaurants on this page are worth bearing in mind for another reason, too: they're spotted about downtown so strategically that wherever business or pleasure takes you in that area, you'll be near one or another. The Atlantic hotel, with its four dining rooms, is a famous restaurant "anchor" for the south of the Loop. The Men's Grill in the Palmer House, and Don Roth's Blackhawk, are natural magnets for the center and north of the Loop. And both ends of Michigan boulevard are covered by London House, just south of the bridge, and by the Harvey chain's Harlequin Room, in the Palmolive building.

Needless to say, there's nothing about a businessman's lunch in any one of these restaurants that won't please a lady, whether on business or pleasure-bent.

oh that campfire flavor in our steak broiled over the open hearth

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blackhawk
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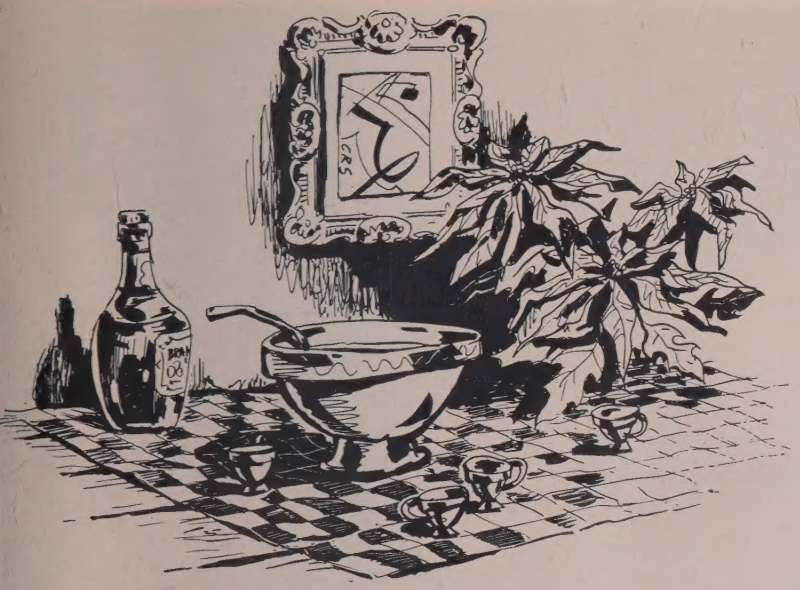
To Give or Receive

by Don J. Anderson

Gifts and decor for the holiday house have been designed with distinction and whimsy this season. An elegant Florentine angel by Jo Mead (left) holds flowers and swings free from a brass chain. On the table is a pot-pourri of imports, along with new papers and ribbons obtainable at most wrapping counters. In the style of Italian Directoire are the bench and cabinet (below, left) of solid cherry with brass and black trim. Both pieces have partial covering of natural leather. A hurricane lamp with brass and candle (below) puts holiday hospitality on the mantel or table.

"Autumn" (left) is a crisp new wallpaper by Denst and Soderlund, handprinted on white, pink or blue backgrounds. The contemporary chair, with brass tips, is by Crucible. Ceramic decanters from Italy (above) each hold a warming winter drink. The outside design depicts the contents. Traditional setting (below) has been arranged by Taskey's. Each piece is rare, one of a kind. The chair is Regency, 1810. The table, which has a metal, painted top, is English, 1840. An Empire candlestick, vintage 1810, forms the lamp. The figurines are from the Sevres group, 1820, while the Chelsea sweetmeat dish held Christmas goodies in 1755.

Small Italian ceramics (above) hold all kinds of candles. A record and radio installation (right, top) becomes an integral part of traditional room. Italian brass beverage service (right, center) with dark wooden tray purveys music hour refreshments. Yuletide and music are blended by Albert's Antiques in candle-mandolin decor arrangement (below). Music room (right, bottom) is dominated by Hammond chord organ.



DECOROUS DRINKS

for the Holidays

by Lois Porges

Hot alcoholic beverages were devised in bygone centuries, so it is said, to help chase colds and to gentle jangled nerves. Like potions extracted from mysterious herbs, these medieval cocktails were precise and personal mixtures and the maker of them needed plenty of room to do his work. So they were mixed in big wooden bowls.

These drinks, over the years, shifted from being alcoholic rest-cures to becoming symbols of Christmas merriment and goodwill to all men. The connecting link between the two functions was the big wooden bowl, the ideal utensil for bringing together large gatherings and coaxing laughter, song, mutual love—and lots of toasting.

So pull out your cup and fill up your bowl. Whether to help ward off colds or to welcome in Yuletide is for each to decide, for the time for both is now upon us. Regardless of why and wherefore, here are a few timely suggestions as to how. Some like them hot, some like them cold, but all of these come in big wooden bowls.

WASSAIL

Toast:

Wassail! Wassail! all over town,
Our toast it is white, our ale is brown;
Our bowl it is made of the maplin tree;
We be good fellows all—I drink unto thee!

Into a wooden bowl (silver, copper or cut glass will substitute nicely), put 1 cup water, ½ tablespoon powdered nutmeg, 1 small ginger root (bruised), a 3-inch stick of cinnamon, 3 cloves, 3 all-spice berries, 2 coriander seeds and 2 cardamon seeds. Boil and simmer for ten minutes. Pour in 1 quart of ale and 1 fifth of Sherry. Add 1 to 2 cups of sugar while stirring. Heat the brew, but don't let it boil. Beat separately 6 egg yolks and 6 egg whites and fold them together. Turn the eggs into the wassail bowl and gradually stir in half the spiced ale and sherry. Bring the remainder of the ale and sherry to a boil and stir it into the wassail. Just before serving, add 4 roasted lady apples.

PUNCHES

Toast:

Punch cures the Gout, the Cholic and the Phthisic (asthma),
And is to all men the very best Physic.

MARACAIBO CHAMPAGNE PUNCH

For 100 cups

2 bottles Fundador brandy
½ bottle Creme de Cacao
4 tablespoons Angostura
6 ripe diced peeled peaches
1 medium bottle diced red cherries
6 bottles dry champagne
1 bottle French apricot brandy
6 bottles Sauterne
1 small diced pineapple
Thin-cut peelings from 2 lemons and 2 oranges

After chilling liquors overnight, pour all ingredients into the bowl except champagne. Stir slowly, then repeatedly pour the mixture over a large block of ice. When ready, uncork champagne and pour in gently. Stir once again to bring out the delightful fizz. When served, add a little grated nutmeg to each cup. (For very sweet punch, add two cups of sugar before adding champagne.)

FISH HOUSE PUNCH

For 25 cups

With this Colonial drink comes not a toast but a warning. One of the earliest Fish House Punch recipes belonged to the Taylor family of Norfolk. It carried this note at the bottom: *"Walter fays, 'Look out for fwell Head next Morning'."*

Dissolve 2 pounds of sugar in 1 quart of hot water. Add 1 pint of lemon juice, 1 quart of rum, 1 quart of brandy, 1 pint of applejack. Mix in large bowl with piece of ice. Stir well, adding 4 quarts of soda.

CHRISTMAS MORN PUNCH

This is a soothing second day drink. It is a punch antidote to punch.

Pour pink champagne over a bowl of peppermint ice. Add a dash of hot water and ½ pint of cognac or B&B.

CHRISTMAS TEMPERANCE PUNCH

And why not?

2 baked apples
4 lemons
6 oranges
1 pint grape juice
1 pint ginger ale
1 pint soda water
4 pounds sugar

Grate the rinds of lemons and oranges, add sugar and two quarts of water. Stir until sugar is dissolved and boil ten minutes. Strain and let it cool. Add the juice of lemons, oranges and the baked apples and pass them through a sieve. When ready to serve, place a block of ice in the bowl and pour the syrup over it. Add the grape juice, ginger ale and enough soda to suit your taste. Has a cool, refreshing taste – and that's about all. ■

Your best cancer insurance...

"LIFETIME" POLICY...See your doctor *every year* for a thorough check-up, no matter how well you may feel.

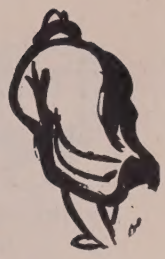
"DAY-TO-DAY" POLICY...See your doctor *immediately* at the first sign of any one of the seven danger signals that *may* mean cancer (*1*) *Any sore that does not heal* (*2*) *A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere* (*3*) *Unusual bleeding or discharge* (*4*) *Any change in a wart or a mole* (*5*) *Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing* (*6*) *Persistent hoarseness or cough, and* (*7*) *Any change in normal bowel habits.*

Many cancers can be cured, but only if properly treated *before* they have begun to spread or "colonize" in other parts of the body.

For more information, call the American Cancer Society office nearest you or write to "Cancer" in care of your local Post Office.

American Cancer Society

The Onion Patch



You can say what you want about used car dealers, and the probability is that you have. But nobody can seriously dispute the statement that they are the most modest component of the mercantile class. Self-deprecation runs thru their advertising copy like un-wed mothers thru Ann Landers' correspondence.

"Overstocked," confesses Division Chevrolet. "We are way over our normal stock. We must sell them immediately."

"We must clean house," pleads the Henry Susk Dodge-Plymouth agency. "One dollar profit. One cent profit. No profit."

The credulous reader of such ads can only conclude that their sponsors, while commendably candid, are hopelessly devoid of business acumen. The expectation must be that one day soon the *Sun-Times* classified section will contain pages of material something like this:

"We are completely incapable of conducting our business with any semblance of success, and we have determined to take employment as gandy dancers. Make us an offer and a like-new used used car lot may be yours on easy terms."

BEING THEN INVOLVED with the law as a result of certain aesthetic activities in a tunnel, Joyce Greller, the Elsa Maxwell of the Fifties, did not hold a Christmas party on August 16. Thus the one held at the Gaslight club on August 17 was, this year as last, the first of the season.

The press was lured to the Gaslight wassailing by a pledge that "a real snowball fight" would be "staged" (a well-chosen word) between some airline stewardesses and the skirtless skirts who sling spirits at the club.

Battle lines were formed about six o'clock in the evening on the sidewalk in front of the club's richly embossed facade. To the left stood two waitresses; to the right, two stewardesses in uniform; somewhere near the middle, club manager Walter Kellin, dressed as Santa Claus and acting as referee.

Another Santa Claus situated himself slightly out of the line of fire. This was the doorman, and his St. Nick suit featured a pair of flaming red Bermuda shorts.

Near the door was a pile of snow about two feet high, flown in from Canada (where all the weather seems to originate) for the occasion.

A substantial group of spectators stood around, most of them watching waitress Mary Carr, the Gussie Moran of cafe society, who was resplendent in white lace panties.

At the zero hour the airline stewardesses prudently retreated, whereupon a movie photographer had the waitresses grab snowballs and stand facing each other. The girls warned each other not to throw straight. The Santa Claus suit containing Kellin cautioned them to look out for their "dresses."

The photographer hustled back and forth between the contestants, having each pretend to throw her snowball but ordering her not to actually do so. Then he had both waitresses make as if to throw. Then the stewardesses went thru the motions of running away in terror. Then the stewardesses simulated a charge and the waitresses made like retreating. Despite pleas by the bystanders, nobody hit anybody with a snowball.

After the pictures had been taken the girls dried their hands and went inside. After that some kids came along and delightedly used the remaining snow for some serious fighting.

THIS IS WHY two amateur surveyors happened to be measuring the intersection of Archer and Cicero with a five-cent protractor at 4:30 a.m.

Their research emanated from a panel discussion begun about four hours earlier in a dram shop some eight miles to the northeast. The host and several of his patrons were discussing their motoring feats. One had driven to Los Angeles in 55 hours; another had averaged 80 miles an hour to Madison; a third had made it from the Palmer House to Midway airport in 14 minutes at 5 o'clock on a weekday afternoon.

About 3 a.m. a skeptical listener departed, remarking that he would like to listen all night but had to go out and drive his car up the side of the Palmolive building.

Shortly after that the bartender began telling of the time he had rounded the corner of Archer and Cicero at 60 miles per, pointing out that it is a particularly sharp turn when made on the acute angle. A dispute soon arose as to its exact degree. A wager followed, and when the spa closed at 4 o'clock, the bartender and his challenger stopped by the former's home and got a high school protractor. Then they made for Archer and Cicero.

They placed the protractor at the intersection of the sidewalks and took a reading. The bartender lost by seven degrees.

THE MANAGER of an art gallery was telling about a print he had just received from Denmark and how he couldn't make out the meaning of the legend under it. He was overheard by a customer of Swedish descent who volunteered to essay the translation. The manager took out a picture of a lady reclining and looking in a mirror. Below it was one word: "Vanitas."

THE DAVY CROCKETT THING, it appears, has been going on longer than mah jong. On March 22, 1885, Frank Mayo played the immortal bear shooter at the Columbia theater. The *News* reported that he "thrilled the gods in the upper regions till they called and recalled the gallant backwoodsman and his blushing bride again and again before the curtain."

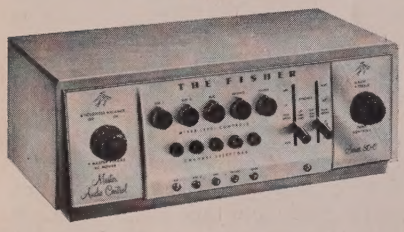
The idea that the more things change the more they stay the same is refuted, however, by a scene glimpsed at the corner of Chicago and Clark after an early snowfall. A man in a mackinaw and wool hat with earlaps was energetically shoveling slush out of the gutter. In his teeth he clenched an elaborate cigaret holder such as only a dowager might have used before the cancer conjecture.

THERE WILL be no attempt here to try to select appropriate Christmas presents for all the luminaries in town. But somebody really should give Sol Polk a bushel of oranges. — A. W.

THE FISHER

MASTER AUDIO CONTROL

Series 80-C



THE FISHER Master Audio Control, Series 80-C, has been designed to specifications so far beyond those of conventional Control units, that it will long serve as the ultimate standard of comparison. In flexibility, flawless performance, beauty of appearance and workmanship, the Series 80-C is a masterpiece. The quality of its performance will be limited only by the quality of the associated equipment.

SEE IT NOW AT

The Complete

HIGH FIDELITY HOUSE

VOICE *and* VISION *inc.*

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93 Years

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BAKERY ENGINEERS

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For The Baking Industry

205 W. Wacker Dr. • AN 3-6528

Readers & Writers

Etymological Note

Sir: On page 46 of your September issue ["Moravsky Den at Pilsen Park"], the caption to the left of your Moravian menu makes the following statement: "Dining room menu in Czech unaccountably translated 'hot dogs,' which are a Moravian favorite." Right below this item, if you look closely, you will find another old Moravian favorite, *pork sandwich.* The spelling, which looks almost English, is a corruption of the high Czech *porjk czangwidj,* which, liberally translated, means "the flesh of the pig between two slabs of bread."

H. R. Whitaker

Contrary Playboy

Sir: When you first conceived the idea of publishing Chicago, you undoubtedly knew the caliber of the reader you wanted to interest. By publishing your interesting articles, short stories and What Goes On Here, you captured a cultured following. This is the type of magazine that Chicago wanted and needed for a good length of time. It seems to me, however, that your article on *Playboy* magazine ["Sex on a Skyrocket" — October] was a direct contradiction of all that you hoped to accomplish.

Pat Huguelet

She Left Early

Sir: I only wish there had been such a magazine a few years ago when I was living in Chicago so I could have taken advantage of all that I have learned about the town from its pages.

Mary Woolf,
New York, New York

One-Man Band

Sir: As an added sidelight on your October West of the Water Tower blurb, not only does the driver of Daigre cab No. 2616 play the harmonica "while waiting for stoplights to change," but he also sings a fine tune when summoned into court for obstructing traffic.

Weathers Y. Sykes,
Vice-president,
Daigre Cab company

Dim View

Sir: Somebody should have drawn the shades on those grimy windows that posed as art under the title of "Outlooks" in your October issue.

Marilyn Harsin

Fanny's Restaurant Given International Epicurean Award

Tribute to Fanny's world famous restaurant, a society and celebrity center in Evanston, Illinois, was paid the owner Mrs. Fanny Lazzar.

She returned from London, England, where on July 29 of this year she was recognized as having one of the seven finest restaurants in America and received the Epicurean International award. The first restaurant in America ever to receive this award.

The presentation, made by Jean Conil, president of the Cercle Epicurean Mondial, was in recognition of Fanny's outstanding achievements, world-renown in the field of cuisine — and primarily for her internationally famous spaghetti sauce and salad dressing and their incomparable taste and digestibility qualities.

It took Mrs. Lazzar exactly two weeks less than a year to achieve a perfect spaghetti sauce that was as wonderful to taste as it was easy to digest and beneficial to the body.

Fanny (she is known by her Christian name alone all over America) started her restaurant nine years ago on borrowed money and no help or encouragement from anyone.

But she clung to her ideal, which was to serve only top quality food and one day to achieve perfection in some branch of cooking.

"I worked in the restaurant all day," she said, "and every night I worked until the small hours experimenting with sauces and making notes on my stomach's reactions to them. Every day I lost money and a little courage, but I hung on, praying and reading philosophy, until success came."

Today her restaurant is in the same location in Evanston and is patronized by President Eisenhower, foreign celebrities and international gourmets.

Its small candle-lit rooms are lined with philosophical books and a few choice oil paintings.

Fanny's philosophy is "to be a success in this world you must be a dreamer, and never rest until you reach your ideals."

Fanny's

WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT

1601 Simpson St. Evanston, Ill.

GR 5-8686